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OCT 23

EDITORIAL

SAME OLD SNOOPS

Last week, forty-five years late, Japanese-Americans interned during World War II received their first compensation checks. Years from now will the government owe similar checks to Arab-Americans and Middle Eastern immigrants? A new General Accounting Office report on the F.B.I. hints that the bureau is keeping the U.S. Arab community under exactly the kind of surveillance that for a decade before Pearl Harbor prepared the way for the Japanese internment.

Arabs in this country aren't the only target. The G.A.O. report on the F.B.I.'s "international terrorist" program shows that although the cold war is over our all-American secret police persist, immune from Congressional scrutiny.

Representative Don Edwards first ordered the review in 1988, after revelations of extensive F.B.I. snooping directed at the Committee in Solidarity With the People of El Salvador. On October 9 an exasperated Edwards declared that his inquiry had been "seriously hampered" by bureau officials, noting incredulously that even Congressional auditors with top-secret clearances were denied access to crucial records.

The G.A.O.'s circumspect revelations are chilling: 19,500 investigations under the largely phony rubric of "terrorism" between January 1982 and June 1988, nearly half involving people suspected only of tenuous association with a broad range of groups; 2,080 undercover investigations of rallies, meetings and religious services; names, sometimes dozens of them, added to the F.B.I. permanent index in every case.

F.B.I. director William Sessions responded to the G.A.O.'s disclosures with bland bureauspeak. Indexing such names, he insisted, is simply "a basic management concept of information retrieval." Hold that thought.

STATE/LOCAL FISCAL CRISES
Robert Fitch

CUBA AND SOVIET AID
Samuel Farber

MURDER IN VIRGINIA
Stephen Hooker

BUYING A CAR IN HUNGARY
Miklós Vámos

TOUGH JEWS
Michael Rosenthal

SEXUAL DESTINY
Paul Mattick Jr.

MINUTES OF THE MEETING

THE SECRET LIFE OF HENRY KISSINGER

The Nation *has obtained confidential minutes of a sensitive 1975 meeting of senior State Department officials, presided over by then–Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and attended by Lawrence Eagleburger, currently President Bush's Deputy Secretary of State. The minutes, printed on page 492, offer a revealing glimpse of the attitudes of these men regarding the public's right to know about policies undertaken in its name, and of the accountability of government officials within a democracy. These minutes seem particularly noteworthy today, as the United States prepares for war in the Middle East.*

—The Editors

MARK HERTSGAARD

Nothing, it seems, succeeds like failure. How else to explain the media visibility of Henry Kissinger during the Persian Gulf crisis? After all, the former Secretary of State and National Security Adviser's record of achievement in that part of the world has been checkered at best. Not only did he help to make the Middle East war of 1973 inevitable by "his need to dominate [then–Secretary of State William] Rogers and his willful misunderstanding of the limits of Soviet influence inside Egypt," as Seymour Hersh argued in *The Price of Power*, but he was also the man who pressured President Carter into allowing the deposed Shah of Iran into the United States in 1979, thus precipitating the calamitous and entirely predictable seizure of the

(*Cont. on p. 488*)

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LETTERS.

THE BUCK STOPPED HERE

Kinderhook, N.Y.

Until recently I felt confident that I could read *The Nation* and not be assaulted with reactionary advertisements or rhetoric (Christopher Hitchens notwithstanding). I was shocked, therefore, to see a two-page ad in the July 16/23 issue for the Seamless Garment Network. They claim that abortion as well as euthanasia are linked to the arms race and threaten the world. Does this echo Billy Graham or am I being paranoid? I am not going to give a defense of a woman's right to an abortion; Katha Pollitt has done that admirably. But I am horrified to see *The Nation* compromise itself for a buck.

Susan Hogan

UNSEEMLY

Hamden, Conn.

You have a pitch for *The Nation* that leads off with, "Subscribing to Our Principles Isn't Enough." Can *The Nation* claim to go beyond merely subscribing to its principles when it accepts advertising from an anti-choice organization like the Seamless Garment Network? It makes no difference that the advertisement is sprinkled with noble sentiments about war and poverty, or with names like Berrigan, Sheen, Ellsberg and Hentoff. In fact, the names make that ad all the more insidious because these people are lending their vaunted progressive reputations to a most dangerous cause. *The Nation*, in turn, is reinforcing the respectability of that cause by printing the ad. I hope that you will not accept any more advertising from this source. How about from NOW, Naral or Planned Parenthood instead?

Thomas Malchodi

THE AD DIRECTOR REPLIES

New York City

What is almost as difficult as selling ads for *The Nation* is the task of judging which ads our readers should be allowed to see. *The Nation* accepts ads not to further its views but to help pay the costs of publishing. As our ad policy says, *The Nation* has "a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics." We would welcome ads from Naral and NOW, and we did carry Planned Parenthood ads until its agency said, Why preach to the converted? and began advertising in more conservative magazines. Hogan is right—that line does sound like a Billy Graham riff, and Katha Pollitt's eloquent pieces better express my views too. But *The Nation* did not compromise itself. The advertiser paid full rate.

Chris Calhoun

DEEP DISHING NEO-NAZIS

New York City

Elinor Langer notes in "The American Neo-Nazi Movement Today" [July 16/23] that as a result of the controversy surrounding their use of public-access channels, white supremacists have been invited to appear on mainstream TV talk shows, winning greater exposure for their ideas. Of equal concern to those of us actively producing and programming progressive shows on public-access TV is the impact that the white supremacist programming has had on the access channels themselves.

The use of these channels by hate groups has been cited by cable companies, city governments and citizens' groups as a justification for placing editorial control over access channels and, in the case of Kansas City, Missouri, as a reason to eliminate altogether the existing access channel. The threat of the use of access channels by hate groups has been successfully used by cable companies (for example, in St. Petersburg, Florida) to discourage provisions for access channels and facilities in cable franchise agreements. The logic is that it's better to have no access than access that might be used by Nazis. That is a position activists cannot afford to take.

As a response to this threat, Deep Dish Television, a grass-roots satellite network, transmitted the series *Public Access: Spigot for Bigots or Channels for Change?* this past spring to more than 250 public-access channels throughout the country. The series profiles activist organizing against racism and bias, tells the history of some of the supremacist organizations and explores the issue of censorship. *Nation* readers interested in running this series, free of charge, on their local access channels or in showing it at a community screening should contact: Deep Dish TV, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012 or call (212) 473-8933.

Martha Wallner

NOT THE WORLD'S POLICEMAN

Washington

We, the undersigned, deplore the rush toward war in the Middle East and the urgings for unilateral American attack upon Iraq by influential editors and writers. A U.S. military attack on Iraq is wrong for moral, political and economic reasons. The United States cannot and should not be the world's policeman. Without major participation by European, Arab and Asian air and/or ground forces, the United States certainly has no business being the instigator of military action against a nation that has not threatened it militarily. A unilateral military action by the United States, either planned or accidental, may be seen as an attack on the Arab or Muslim world with, at best, long-term unforeseen consequences. Cheap oil is not worth the risk of starting a major war. As Yitzhak Rabin, Israel's former Defense Minister, is quoted in a London *Financial Times* interview, "It is easy to start a war, but not so easy to control its outcome. Many people tend to forget that more than 70 percent of all wars in the twentieth century have ended with the failure of those who actually initiated the fighting."

Jon B. Utley, Accuracy in Media
Henry Regnery
Father Robert Sirico
Thomas G. Moore, Hoover Institution
William A. Niskannen, CATO Institute
Judith Bingham
David Boaz, CATO Institute
Eric Brodin
Robert Poole, Reason Foundation
John A. Baden, Foundation for Research on Economics & Environment
Ramona Marotz-Baden, Montana State University

BLACK, WHITE AND READ ALL OVER

Washington

Thank you so much for publishing the first intelligent article I have read on the Marion Barry case—Paul Ruffins's "Washington's Black Press: Rallying 'Round Mayor Barry" [July 30/Aug. 6]. Living in the middle of this mess, I am dismayed both by racial obsession without class consciousness and by the dishonesty of the establishment and black bourgeois media. I have not summoned the courage to write about the subject, so I am glad that Ruffins has broken a taboo against discussing the true nature of the black media: "But the truth is that their almost blind support is motivated . . . by a bourgeois black nationalism that refuses to engage in critical analysis of black leadership." That is the essence of the matter. The comments of Ethelbert Miller and Grigsby Hubbard also go to the heart of the matter. I hope that more class-conscious black writers will surface to denounce the ubiquitous petty bourgeois nationalist foolishness that stultifies and betrays the working class.

Ralph Dumain

TROGLODYTES ON THE WING

Milwaukee

I particularly enjoyed Michael Waldman's recent review of *The Politics of Rich and Poor* ["Swing Time," Aug. 13/20], particularly his observation that racial issues might yet derail the radical-liberal bandwagon. If you would permit a few observations from the troglodyte wing of the Republican Party: You do have a race problem, and his initials are J.J.

J.J. is the Republicans' dream come true—the Democrats can't live with him and can't live without him. He can't be ignored because he has a lock on the black and ultra-liberal electorate. But the Democrats can't put him on the ticket because he is far outside the mainstream, has never held elective or government office and is, incidentally,

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EDITORIALS.

His Two Crises

President Bush is skipping along the edge of two gaping disasters—military conflict in the Middle East and economic collapse at home—and yet he will hardly acknowledge their crucial connection. The level of denial in both cases is truly awesome. The budget "debate," which was more like a sandlot free-for-all conducted by a bunch of spoiled and senseless children, was devoid of discussion about the policies demanded by war and recession. Instead, Congress and the Administration called each other names and the news media were consumed with the inane political "process" and the relative failure or success of certain men in dark suits.

You might imagine that a world-class confrontation caused by a dispute over the control of oil supplies would produce a debate about energy policy. But Bush pointedly refuses to

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discuss the matter seriously, and the Senate—lobbied by an unbeatable coalition of automobile manufacturers, the auto workers' union and corporate power-wielders—easily beat back an attempt to impose forty-miles-per-gallon standards on cars over the next decade.

The problem with Bush (Congress has its own mysteries, which are impenetrable) is that he is handling his two big crises as if they were extensions of his election campaign. He has his little slogans ("read my lips," "line in the sand"), but they have nothing to do with the reality of politics or power. He grabs the cameras and the headlines with great declarations of principle, but in fact his only principle is what will look good on the evening news. Thus he vetoes a Congressional resolution for temporary government funding on Saturday and then signs a similar bill forty-eight hours later that is even less to his liking. He opposes tax hikes for the very rich one day and the next says he might have no problem with them.

Speaking on events in the Persian Gulf, he declares that there is no basis for negotiation and the military option is about to be taken. Then he tells the United Nations that Iraq might get what it wants from Kuwait if Saddam pulls out his troops and, what's more, it's quite possible to link such a withdrawal with the matter of Israeli occupation of Palestinian lands.

Politicians change their minds, but in Bush's case there is no evidence that he has a mind—that is, a made-up mind—to change. In other words, he's winging it, just as he did in 1988 with the pledge to the flag, Willie Horton and "no new taxes." Other members of the governing elite in Washington may have very clear notions of what they want to do, and most of it is probably bad. But Bush—the consummate lap dog, in George Will's phrase—is just wagging his tongue and his tail, waiting for the next tracking polls. That's not a good way to run a country.

Big Green

Assessing the situation in California recently, a Sierra Club representative said, "If Big Green loses, it will look like the movement cannot translate the rhetoric of Earth Day into the reality of Election Day." Big Green, officially Proposition 128 on the state's November 6 ballot, would give California the strictest environmental law in the country, banning offshore oil drilling, phasing out the most dangerous pesticides, sharply reducing air pollutants, limiting forest clearcutting and providing for an independent elected advocate to enforce the law. Big Green would also cost corporate titans and state and local governments billions of dollars and, like earlier successful progressive initiatives, would surely prompt a years-long legal battle effectively nullifying its provisions, at least in the near term. Given that prospect, it is more pertinent to ask, If Big Green wins (and latest polls give it a weak margin), where is the movement that can translate the pseudoreality of Election Day into the bright dawn of political change?

In many ways the initiative, backed by virtually all the major environmental groups, is an apt expression of Earth Day: educating large numbers of people and involving them individually in an essentially anonymous ritual act. This is not a bad thing, but it should not be confused as the main thing.

Here we meet our old friend context, in which the political meaning of Big Green, indeed of the entire initiative process, introduced in 1911 to give citizens leverage in a state government then dominated by railroad barons, must be placed. One joke has it that the Devil comes to the California legislature and says, "I can offer you unlimited special interest money, money impossible to trace or to be found unclean; in return I ask for your souls and the souls of all your children." The legislators ponder this for a moment and then ask, "What's the catch?"

In a political atmosphere so corrupted, the initiative process might seem democracy itself. And besides Big Green this year, citizens will vote on two other worthy measures—Forests Forever, which primarily would protect 3,000 acres of old-growth forest while forcing timber companies to stop overcutting elsewhere, and Proposition 131, which would provide partial public electoral funding while limiting legislative terms—as well as on three countermeasures put up by corporate and right-wing opponents of those initiatives. All of these have aroused far more interest and could have greater significance than the miserable gubernatorial race, which Danny Goldberg discussed here last week.

But however noble an initiative and however engaging to the ballot-casting public, democracy should never be defined in the loneliness of the voting booth; nor social change mistaken in some loud but unchorused expression of discontent. This is especially true in California, where so many of the people who make the state work are illegal and therefore unfranchised, or, like loggers in the Northcoast, simply fed up and therefore uncounted.

Politics most seriously practiced is an implicating and collective act, at its best symbolized by such actions as Redwood Summer, where people outraged by the clearcuts in Mendocino and Humboldt counties faced their neighbors and forced a public confrontation of the issues of nature, work and corporate greed. The lawyers and funders and consultants who serve as intermediaries for the people in initiative campaigns like Big Green devise useful tools by their efforts—tools that can be properly deployed only by an invigorated and fully joined political community.

Evading Justice

Four years ago, the International Court of Justice in The Hague found the United States guilty of financing and directing a mercenary war against Nicaragua. The court ordered the United States to pay unspecified damages to Nicaragua for the *contra* war, leaving it up to Managua to present a reasonable claim for the destruction wrought by Washington's "freedom fighters." The Sandinista government estimated total damages—direct

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and indirect—to the country's infrastructure and economy at about $18 billion, the equivalent of nearly a half-century of export earnings from Nicaragua's war-ravaged economy.

Of course, the Sandinistas would have gladly settled for much less, as long as Washington was willing to recognize its culpability and initiate a new era of contrition and respect toward Nicaragua. But that was too much to expect from Reagan's successor at the White House. Now President Bush wants the government of Violeta Chamorro to drop the case entirely, promising that Managua will be "rewarded" for its cooperation. The Administration has been dragging its feet in disbursing $300 million in aid promised to the Chamorro government, and Nicaraguan diplomats privately concede that Washington is using the aid as a lever to pressure Nicaragua into abandoning the case.

The reason the Bush Administration wants the case expunged from the record books is clear. Now that Washington has invoked international law repeatedly to rally global opposition to Saddam Hussein, it would be embarrassing if the United States went down in history as the only country to come before the World Court—the supreme arbiter of international disputes—and then ignore its verdict.

The court's verdict remains a stinging indictment of a policy of pillage and banditry conducted by Reagan's secret government for nearly a decade. The court's findings constitute a symbol of national honor and dignity not just for Nicaragua but for Third World nations across the globe that struggle for self-determination in the face of overwhelmingly powerful international forces.

The Sandinista bloc within Nicaragua's National Assembly is expected to resist any move to dismiss the World Court case. But the Sandinistas are now a minority. If Chamorro succeeds in exonerating the United States from the court's ruling, as it appears she intends to do, she will be stuffing the affair back into the dark corners of history's closet. But while Washington engages in self-righteous chest thumping over America's supposed respect for international law, we would do well to remember what our government did to Nicaragua and to recognize that the United States can lay claim to such lofty principles only when it is willing to apply them to its own conduct as well. SCOTT WALLACE

Scott Wallace, a journalist who covered Central America for seven years, is currently writing a book on his experiences there.

World's Children

For all their splashy coverage of the event, the mainstream U.S. news media have failed to let the American public know that the World Summit for Children held at the United Nations September 29-30 was among the most important gatherings ever called by the nations of the world. The international Convention on the Rights of the Child that emerged from it—passed by the General Assembly a year ago and made international law by the fifty countries that have ratified it so far (the United States, to its shame, not among them)—is certain to have an effect on the behavior of national governments toward their people (and of the people toward their governments) and toward one another.

The international convention adds an essential constituency—children—to the ranks of those whose human rights must be protected. The fifty-four-article document leaves no doubt as to the obligation of governments to insure that children be endowed with hospitable environments in which to develop.

The initial impetus behind this landmark accomplishment was the passion of Unicef executive director James Grant, primed by his years of witnessing in the "developing" countries the appalling number of infants and children who die wretchedly, without ever having had a chance to live, from causes long ago conquered in the industrial nations, and by seeing girls and women discriminated against in culture after culture, and mothers with children they cannot adequately nurture. (American feminists, justifiably worried by language referring to the rights of the child "before and after birth," should be reassured by the document's extraordinary emphasis on the rights of women.)

Every day 40,000 children die worldwide, mainly from preventable diseases—a figure that adds up to almost 15 million doomed this year. Half a million women die each year during pregnancy or childbirth; 99 percent of them in developing countries, where the risk is fifty to 100 times greater than in the industrialized nations. Outmoded cultural practices, clitoridectomy and infibulation, that victimize women contribute to the causes of death. The underlying causes,

(*Continued on Page 493*)

★

On Postmodern Buildings

Every city's downtown powers
Want some tall postmodern towers.
Skylines now must all project pure
Copies of this architecture.
Every downtown skyline marches
Toward some rooftops with some arches.
Every building's upper floor'll
Have some curlicue in coral.
Some young architect may say what's
True: these buildings are cliché, but
If he's to advance a notch, he's
Got to build one with some chotchkes.

Calvin Trillin

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Columbus Day weekend in Washington, and children are being turned away from the parks, monuments and zoos because the state machine has run out of revenue. Outside my window a groaning and chanting religious procession bears icons and incense in honor of whatever saint wafted Columbus to Hispaniola. From a White House closed to unbelieving but once credulous tourists, George Herbert Walker Bush peeps out over his domain of logrolling and bankruptcy and funny-business bookkeeping.

But wait! One thing remains intact. The national security consensus is still apparently solid. On October 2 the Senate awarded Bush a vague set of plenary powers over the people of the Middle East, with only three dissenting votes. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers have been lent to the Saudi royal house with no penny-pinching in the accounting. On the Op-Ed pages, there are deadly, lucrative duels between the P.R. firms of rival princes. And the *Washington Post* Outlook section leads with an article: "Killing Saddam: Would It Be a Crime?" The author identifies himself as "chairman of the American Bar Association's standing committee on law and national security." At least the claws continue to grow on the corpse of an insolvent republic.

Most liberal misgivings about the impending war with Iraq are focused, as usual, on the risks of failure. What about the problems of success? Not a single columnist or politician has answered the question, What would happen to an Iraq that was "decapitated" or "surgically struck"? Do "we" have a democratic candidate for the post-Saddam era? (Improbable, given the romance with him that ended in August.) Are "we" ready for an outcome that would quite possibly see Iran, Saudi Arabia, Turkey and Syria fighting over the carcass of a suddenly vulnerable neighbor?

When I saw the low-comedy figure of Gen. H. Norman Schwarzkopf Jr. swim onto my screen the other day, talking out of the side of his mouth about "kicking the butt" of Saddam Hussein and beaming at the puerile appellation "Stormin' Norman," a rat stirred in the cluttered attic of my memory. I knew of course that the general had covered himself in glory in Vietnam and Grenada. But wasn't there something else familiar about the name?

Alerted by friends with less attic-like memories, I combed through the notes of a chapter I once wrote about the Anglo-American overthrow of the last democratic and secular regime in Iran. In 1953 it was decided by Kermit Roosevelt of the C.I.A. and C.M. Woodhouse of British intelligence that the wretched Persians had no right to be governed by the nationalist regime of Mohammed Mossadegh. In his memoir of the operation, which was mounted in order to save the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (A.I.O.C.), Woodhouse wrote:

> The Americans were more likely to work with us if they saw the problem as one of containing Communism rather than restoring the position of the AIOC. Although some representatives of American oil companies seemed to be circling like vultures over Iran, American officials were inclined to be more cooperative.

At a meeting in Washington with Allen Dulles of the C.I.A., the British and their "cousins" did not shirk the question of who was to follow Mossadegh until the restoration of the Shah. They had a candidate. He was named Gen. Fazlollah Zahedi. There was a short embarrassed discussion about this. During World War II, Zahedi had been the leader of the pro-Nazi faction in Iranian politics—so much so that he was kidnapped by the British and flown to a place of internment in Palestine. Sir Patrick Dean of British intelligence went so far as to describe him as "a bit of a shocker." Still, he was felt to be a suitable nominee in the circumstances and, after an interval of well-financed violence and destabilization, was able to welcome the Shah back to his throne on August 23, 1953. Zahedi's police adviser during this troubled period was a former New Jersey cop named H. Norman Schwarzkopf. With the overthrow of Mossadegh, Schwarzkopf Sr. and his bosses thought their troubles were over. Even at the time, it was obvious to some that they were just beginning.

As reward for American participation in the venture, the assets of the rescued A.I.O.C., now renamed British Petroleum, were concessioned out. Standard Oil of New Jersey, Standard Oil of California, Gulf Oil, Texas Oil and Socony-Mobil, along with eight smaller U.S. companies, were each awarded a percentage, raising the U.S. holding in Iranian oil from nil to 60 percent. In his memoirs, which unlike Kermit Roosevelt's were uncensored, Woodhouse says that if he had it all to do over again he would not have trusted the Shah to govern his people wisely and kindly.

Stormin' Norman clearly is not genetically responsible for his father's role in helping to pick a Hitler fan to govern Iran. Yet this father-son gendarmerie for the oil industry is better seen as continuity than coincidence. Of course, you would not know that from the exiguous and paltry Congressional debate on the gulf deployment. With the salient exception of Senators Robert Kerrey and Mark Hatfield, most legislators spoke as if the United States was (a) qualified, (b) competent and (c) entitled to shape not just the politics but also the geography of the Persian Gulf.

Imperial decay has now reached the point where the military is the only bit of the system that works at all smoothly. And, put in military terms, the problem of Saddam is a relatively easy one to solve. It will not be for the Schwarzkopfs to decide what happens post-Saddam; they are the bluff, plain-spoken soldiers with their job to do, and they distrust politicians and pointy-heads and inquiring reporters. But I wonder if it ever crosses General Schwarzkopf's mind that military and police work does have its political dimensions, and that if his daddy hadn't been so damned good at getting the job done he wouldn't now be commanding a sweltering, baffled multitude and having to coddle the "sensitivities" of a medieval theocracy. If things go on as they are at home, he may find politics intruding even more into his sheltered life, and he may have to follow the example of Generals MacArthur and Patton in confronting ex-soldiers as "Bonus March" unemployed veterans, returned to a land fit for heroes.

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WATCHING RIGHTS.

ARYEH NEIER

In the sorry history of Congressional efforts over the past decade to devise ways to protect human rights in El Salvador, the possible halving of direct U.S. military support in the new fiscal year would be a great victory. The Bush Administration is willing to cut 15 percent of the $85 million it had earlier sought for the Salvadoran military, but Democrats such as Leahy of Vermont, Dodd of Connecticut and Moakley of Massachusetts have insisted on more. Failure to prosecute in good faith those responsible for killing the six Jesuits, their cook and her daughter has made the two sides agree that something must be cut.

Yet even a reduction of $42.5 million in military aid would represent less than 1 percent of what the United States has poured into El Salvador over the past decade, and only a little more than one-tenth of the combined military and economic aid proposed for the new fiscal year. Much of the U.S. subsidy comes in the form of Economic Support Funds, which, while forbidden for military use, nonetheless give the Salvadoran government wide latitude in disbursement. Accordingly, the Salvadoran armed forces—grown huge, rich and formidably equipped with high-tech hardware, though still incapable of defeating the F.M.L.N. guerrillas, whom they outnumber ten to one—will not suffer greatly if this cut is made.

From the beginning the Salvadoran military has sought to prevail by eliminating the civilians it perceives as either supporting the guerrillas or supporting a negotiated solution that might involve the guerrillas' participation in the government. Essentially, that strategy has been pursued by two means: first, by assassination of those thought to have such sympathies—political activists, union organizers, teachers, students, peasant leaders, journalists, relief workers, human rights monitors and priests. They have been the victims of death squads and, like the Jesuits, of targeted killings by uniformed soldiers. Through these murders the government has wiped out a significant portion of the country's intelligentsia. The second method, indiscriminate attack, accounts for an even larger number of the more than 40,000 killings of civilians. Most of these victims were peasants suspected of supplying guerrillas with food, shelter or information. To escape the government's ground sweeps, long-distance shelling and aerial bombardment, nearly one-fourth of all Salvadorans abandoned their homes between 1980 and 1986. Some fled to other Central American countries, Mexico or the United States. Others flocked to a few Salvadoran cities, creating shantytowns on their outskirts or moving into already crowded homes of relatives. Still others settled in wretched camps for the displaced.

More than a decade has passed since the most notorious of all the recent attacks on El Salvador's civil society, the murder of Archbishop Oscar Romero in March 1980; and nearly nine years have elapsed since the greatest massacre of peasants, the killing of 700 to 1,000 in El Mozote and nearby villages in December 1981. In the intervening years there have been far too many instances of individual and mass murder to enumerate here. Almost always, the United States has reacted in one of two ways: Either it has denied that the crime happened (as in the case of the massacre at El Mozote), or it has tried to cast blame on someone other than the armed forces (witness the response of the U.S. Embassy in the case of the murder of the Jesuits). When either ploy has failed, as has happened often, assurances have been given that a particular case will be *the* test for Salvadoran justice and that failure to punish the murderers will elicit a strong response from the United States. One such test case arose early in the Bush Administration, when Vice President Quayle and others demanded prosecution of the soldiers who summarily executed ten captured peasants in the hamlet of San Francisco on September 21, 1988. Nine soldiers were detained shortly after Quayle visited El Salvador, but subsequently—following the familiar pattern—the case petered out and eight of the soldiers were released. No trial is anticipated for the remaining defendant until 1992 or 1993; by then, the killings at San Francisco will probably be relegated to the same memory shelf where so many previous outrages are gathering dust.

If anyone were to propose ending all aid to El Salvador that can be used for military purposes, the response from many on both sides in the current debate in Washington would be that no good would come of this and that the United States would lose all capacity to restrain the Salvadoran armed forces. They might well pursue a "Guatemalan solution": that is, try to finish off the guerrilla threat the way the Guatemalan Army did in 1982-83, destroying hundreds of villages and killing tens of thousands of peasants. It is not a scenario that can be readily dismissed. And this is the bind that the United States has got itself into. By first trying to cover up abuses, then trying to contain the damage, and all the while providing funds, the United States maintains some leverage but insures that El Salvador will slowly bleed; meanwhile, the Salvadoran government implicitly blackmails the United States into maintaining this course by leaving open the threat of a bloodbath if Washington should interrupt the flow of funds.

There is no easy way out. Yet it might be possible to find a path if the Administration would stop trying to cover up for the Salvadoran military. Enough is known about the murder of the Jesuits, for instance, to make it clear that it was almost certainly planned at the highest level of the armed forces and certainly covered up at the top. If the Administration were to disclose all it knows about this case and all the other cases of the past decade, the participants in the debate in Washington could no longer act as if they did not understand the nature of the Salvadoran military enterprise. Since the prospect that the Administration will do this is remote, what is required is a sweeping Congressional inquiry. The debate would then focus not on how much aid to cut to make clear the views of the United States on the killing of the Jesuits but on how to get out of El Salvador in the way that causes the least additional harm to Salvadorans.

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ARTICLES.

STATE/LOCAL FISCAL CRISES

Money's There—5 Ways to Get It

ROBERT FITCH

Up and down the northeast corridor, from Boston to Washington, state and local governments are writhing in fiscal agony. Squeezed by shrinking tax revenues and rising welfare and Medicare costs, Democratic governors and mayors find themselves facing Brazilian-style budget gaps as high as 25 percent. Indeed, if New Jersey or Massachusetts were located in Latin America, International Monetary Fund hit squads would have already been sent in to cut bread and cooking-oil subsidies, sell off state-owned assets and devalue the currency.

If Governor Michael Dukakis had the power to print money, he might have been able to prolong the "Massachusetts miracle" a few years longer. At least he could have papered over the state's $1.2 billion deficit for fiscal year 1990. As it turned out, this year he had to impose a record $1.8 billion tax increase and request a $1.4 billion finance bill. This came on top of budget cuts that were described by a Democratic state official as "Draconian, appalling, disgraceful, hideous, frightening." No wonder Dukakis's approval rating dropped to 11 percent in the traditionally Democratic city of Worcester.

New Jersey Governor Jim Florio has been in office only ten months, not eight years like Dukakis, but already his approval rating has sunk to 20 percent. Florio faced an even bigger deficit than Dukakis: nearly $3 billion out of a $12 billion budget. While cutting $700 million in spending, he imposed $1.25 billion in new income taxes and increased the state sales tax to raise another $1 billion. By extending the sales tax to consumer items like toilet paper, he provided a statewide protest movement with the emblem of their revolt.

In Philadelphia, Mayor Wilson Goode, confronting the city's $200 million deficit, let prisoners out of jail early, offered to put up Veterans Stadium for sale and requested authority from the City Council to break municipal union contracts. Unfortunately, Moody's bond rating agency responded by dropping the city's securities rating from "Ba"—junk-bond status—to "Baa"—Confederate bond status.

Farther south, the District of Columbia, hard hit by the failing real estate market and no longer awash with federal revenue, is finding it hard to balance its budget for the first time since the Depression. The D.C. City Council members rejected proposed tax increases. Instead, they cut the school budget by 10 percent and reduced funds for the city's homeless by 45 percent.

Robert Fitch, who has taught metropolitan studies at New York University, is a freelance writer.

Then there's New York City, where crime and fiscal incompetence are rapidly growing out of control. Last January Mayor David Dinkins, facing a $1.8 billion budget gap, cut the police force but still planned to hire about 8,000 additional city workers. Then, after a series of sensational murders [see "A Helluva Town," Oct. 1] provoked headlines that shouted, "Dave, Do Something," Dave did. He approved a four-year $1.8 billion crime-stopping plan that will put 9,000 more cops on the street. But since this mammoth plan further widened next year's budget deficit (it's $1.4 billion or $2.6 billion, depending on whose figures you trust), Dinkins then announced his intention to freeze wages and hiring and lay off 15,000 nonpolice employees, the first massive layoffs since the fiscal crisis of the mid-1970s.

All of these cities and states face the same dilemma: how to raise money for desperately needed services from what appears to be a shrinking tax base. Because the Reagan and Bush administrations have cut federal aid to cities, and because of the sudden downturn in local revenues, many people sympathize with the difficulties faced by Democratic mayors and governors. This would be a mistake. The urban regimes run by Democrats deserve little sympathy from progressives. As the Washington-based Economic Policy Institute recently documented, state and local tax systems—put in place mainly by Democrats—are strikingly more regressive than the federal tax system run by the G.O.P. Of course the Republicans do what they can to make things worse: In the 1980s the federal government cut taxes on corporate profits, increased taxes on social insurance and taxed unemployment benefits for the first time. But in the race to regressivity, the Republicans are eating the Democrats' dust.

The Democrats' two favorite fiscal instruments at the local level are the sales tax, a notoriously regressive levy, and the local property tax—which seems progressive until you realize that most of the cost is shifted by landlords to their tenants. And when Democrats do levy personal income taxes at the local level, they impose them in a very regressive way: For example, in New York City a recent "reform" simplified the income tax structure so that single filers with incomes up to $10,000 pay 2.4 percent, and the rate tops out at 3.4 percent for those with incomes of $50,000 and above. Thus the laborer who earns $18 an hour but gets lots of overtime and the lawyer who bills at the rate of $1,000 an hour pay the same tax rate.

The burden of state and local taxes cannot be easily shrugged off: Despite Proposition 13 in California and Proposition 2½ in Massachusetts, which temporarily reversed the growth of state and local taxes in the late 1970s, the 1980s saw a resumption of the trend that has been operating since World War II. While federal taxes take about the same share as in 1947—20 percent—state and local taxes have more than doubled, to 12 percent of the gross national product.

In addition to imposing a growing burden of local taxes and forcing poor and working people to bear it, urban Democrats are also inveterate practitioners of what econo-

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mists call "fiscal perversity." Instead of stabilizing local economies during economic downturns with transfer payments to the poor and middle class, the Democrats, under pressure from developers and bankers (their major sources of campaign money), cut the budget, cut the municipal work force, raise sales taxes and cut taxes on commercial property. Dukakis, Dinkins, Florio and Goode are all cases in point.

Is that the only choice for progressives? Here are five ways to tax the rich and survive:

1. Tax land. A tax levied on land used for commercial purposes is the ideal tax. It would fall on the richest families and institutions, it can't be shifted to consumers and owners can't move their property to another state. Best of all, a differential tax – one that is higher on land than on buildings – does away with the usual disadvantage of taxes. Almost invariably, if you tax something the capitalists will produce less of it and charge you more for it. But land is different. Most of it was produced once and for all by God – Nelson Rockefeller's Battery Park City in downtown Manhattan being a major exception. If you tax cigarettes the price will go up; if you tax the land you lower its price. It's no coincidence, then, that the one large city in the country with such a tax, Pittsburgh (cited in 1989 by the Rand McNally *Almanac* as America's second most livable city), has the lowest housing prices of any major city in America.

2. Tax the elite nonprofits. Like the "service economy" that in New York includes everyone from the rag-wielding windshield cleaners on Houston Street to investment bankers on Wall Street, the nonprofit sector is highly diverse. What nonprofits have in common is that they're tax-exempt: They don't pay real estate taxes.

More than 40 percent of the taxable value of all property in New York City is tax-exempt. Much of it belongs to the city or other governmental institutions which the Constitution says can't be taxed. But a sizable chunk of this property belongs to private educational institutions like Columbia University and New York University. And the barrier preventing the taxation of their assets is political, not legal. Evanston, Illinois, is going after Northwestern University and New Haven is trying to get Yale University on its tax rolls. And why not?

With its land, buildings and stock portfolio, Columbia has total assets worth $2.7 billion. Last year, it had revenues of $1.1 billion with expenses of $865 million; thus Columbia earned more than most of the Fortune 500 companies in New York. But what is Columbia's business? Educating students is only a sideline, a money loser. The 19,000 students enrolled at Columbia bring in less than a fifth of the university's revenue – less than the university earns from federal contracting. Of course, Columbia pays taxes on its rental properties. But it is exempt from taxation on the rest of its properties and capital plant. Those are the properties that generate such lucrative returns.

In New York City alone, tax-exempt assets of private educational institutions (temporarily ignoring the churches, the private hospitals, the foundations, etc.) could generate nearly $100 million in property taxes, or enough to bring the city's welfare grants up to the federal poverty level. Nearly every other large city has private universities that could take on similar burdens.

3. Tax business services, not consumer necessities. The sales tax on consumer necessities like food and clothing should be phased out and replaced by a business services tax. Only five states currently tax business services. Massachusetts just introduced a comprehensive 5 percent business services tax last spring. But elsewhere in the Northeast, business services are almost completely untaxed, even though that is where the real potential revenue growth lies.

In New York City, just two professions, law and banking, captured almost all the prosperity of the Koch years. Port Authority economist Rosemary Scanlon pointed out recently that during the 1980s "income growth in the securities industry was 27 percent per year. In legal services it was about 92 percent per year." Subtract those "industries" from the total, she observed, and the decade's real wage growth was only 1 percent per year.

Our resident fiscal philosophers insist that any effort to

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MIKE DE SEVE

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impose a tax on lawyers and bankers would send them fleeing elsewhere. But if your income had the potential to increase 27 percent or 92 percent a year, would you leave town because of a 4 percent tax on your clients? Based on Port Authority estimates, a 4 percent tax on the entire hot-air sector—legal and financial services, advertising, public relations, etc.—would generate nearly $1 billion. With that amount, New York could hire 1,000 new cops, bring its welfare grants up to the poverty level and still shave a point off the city sales tax.

4. Tax the stock exchange. Nothing illustrates more clearly where the urban Democrats stand than David Dinkins's role as head of a Wall Street Task Force to fight the Bush Administration's recent stock exchange tax proposal. Nearly every city in the world that has a big stock exchange levies a tax on securities sales (Tokyo raises $12 billion a year this way). New York did too until the 1975 fiscal crisis. If the tax could be restored, it would generate more than $1 billion in revenue, according to Alterbudget, a New York grass-roots lobbying group. But obviously the amount of revenue depends on the rate imposed. The big casinos—the New York Stock Exchange, the American Stock Exchange—are threatening to move across the river, but if the tax were to be levied regionally, by the Port Authority, for example, the exchanges would have to move pretty far to find an untaxed haven. By that time, perhaps a national stock exchange tax could be in place.

5. Take away developers' exemptions. Welfare for developers is very different from welfare for the poor and destitute: There is no humiliating application process, no "churning" of cases, no chintzy grants. Once you're on, you're on, and there's no re-examination of your case to see if you still qualify. In New York City, three tax abatement programs waste nearly $500 million a year—two and a half times as much as a controversial home-relief program that doles out meager grants to 150,000 people annually. The Industrial and Commercial Incentive Program (I.C.I.P.), for example, will cost $108 million this year. Grantees include Japan Air Lines, the Kah Wah Bank of the People's Republic of China, McDonald's, White Castle and Con Edison. The original idea of these tax abatement schemes was to stimulate the city's dying manufacturing industries. But now almost no I.C.I.P. money goes to industry—unless you count gentrification as an industry. The program should be restored to its pristine purpose, with strong safeguards against subsidizing real estate development.

Kevin Phillips has argued that America is ready for a left-wing populist revolt. But just as you can't beat somebody with nobody, you can't beat bad programs with no programs. All too often, the progressive advocacy community has focused on winning and preserving spending programs without considering how their constituencies will be taxed to pay for them. The time has come to stop reacting to fiscal crises as if they were sudden natural disasters. Everyone knows that capitalism is a boom-and-bust system, generating bouts of government spending in good times that it can't sustain in bad. When tax and retrenchment time comes, the left really has to go to work. The poor and the homeless, renters and homeowners, government workers and their clients must all be protected from fiscal fallout. The class that caused the crisis ought to be taxed to pay for it: the junk-bond dealers and condo converters, the inner-city gentrifiers and their nonprofit allies. These five tax proposals are designed as weapons to face the upcoming fiscal crisis. With them we can contest the urban Democrats' complacent version of fiscal realism. □

ISOLATION CASE

No More Soviet Aid for Cuba?

SAMUEL FARBER

For three decades Cuba has been able to maintain its independence from the United States by becoming a political junior partner of the Soviet Union, economically dependent on Moscow. Massive Soviet aid has allowed Cuba to run a highly centralized and grossly inefficient Stalinist-style economy. Yet Cuba has managed to support a standard of living, albeit very modest, that it could not otherwise have afforded. This economic situation was of course originally brought about by the blockade imposed by Cuba's "natural" trading partner, the United States.

But even the short-term logic of Soviet aid to Cuba has been almost totally undermined by the dramatic events of the past two years. When George Bush insists that the Russians halt their aid to Cuba, he is simply trying to accelerate an already inevitable event. The Soviet Union has lost the cold war, and it has become clear that Mikhail Gorbachev is abandoning many of the ambitions of the Soviet empire in order to concentrate on solving the economic and ethnic crises at home. The Soviet Union has decided that subsidizing Cuba is a luxury it can no longer afford.

What options are now open to Cuba to maintain its present degree of independence and avoid an economic and political disaster?

The Cuban government seems to have chosen a course of action that portends grave dangers for the country. Under the slogan of "Socialism or Death" Fidel Castro has repeatedly lamented and condemned the replacement of the Brezhnevite system in Eastern Europe. While he has promised to make changes in the political system, he has also vowed that Cuba will not give up the Communist Party's constitutional monopoly or its absolute control of social, political and

Samuel Farber, who was born in Cuba, teaches political science at Brooklyn College. He is a member of the editorial board of Against the Current *and the author of* Revolution and Reaction in Cuba, 1933-1960 *(Wesleyan University Press) and* Before Stalinism: The Rise and Fall of Soviet Democracy, *to be published next month by Verso.*

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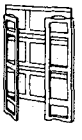
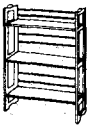


1. Comes in flat carton

2. Shelves fall into place



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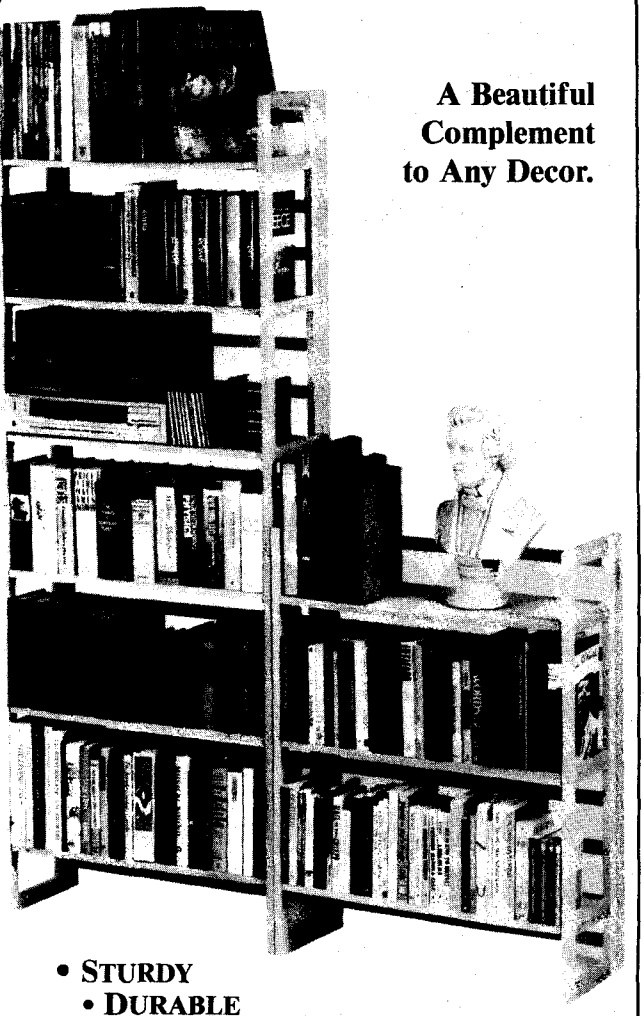

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economic life. Thus, if necessary, Cuba will be the last country in the world to defend "socialism." Over the past few years, Castro's policy of "rectification," announced in 1986, has in reality consisted of measures that are clearly anti-*glasnost* and anti-*perestroika*. Politically, it has entailed a fierce repression of the small human rights movement that had been given a breathing spell during 1987-89. Economically, it has resulted in a reassertion of Stalinist policies with a Guevarist-Maoist twist: a bureaucratic centralized economy, practically no private economic activity by Cubans, the primacy of so-called moral incentives and, needless to say, no room for trade union independence or any other form of working-class autonomy from the state.

Earlier this year, the Cuban people went through a government-organized one-day exercise in which energy-reliant economic activities were carried out by hand. On August 29 the government ordered substantial cuts in the domestic and industrial consumption of gas and electricity, and in late September additional measures were adopted that significantly expanded the rationing of food and other consumer goods. Castro has even begun to discuss the possibility of moving urban dwellers to the countryside to work in agriculture. The Cuban regime is evidently preparing the population for what could easily become a regime of savage economic autarky. A system of ever-increasing hardship would probably lead to ever-increasing repression of the inevitable popular discontent. One can only guess at the terrible consequences that this cycle could unleash in Cuba.

Such a disastrous scenario is exactly what Bush and his right-wing Cuban exile friends would love to see. This might be called the "overripe fruit" strategy, along the lines of Grenada and Panama. Such a state of affairs could come about in Cuba too. Be that as it may, the Cuban people have a right to choose, free of manipulation and control by the Communist Party as well as by the United States, the direction their nation should take, given the critical crossroads at which it now stands.

Castro could declare a state of national crisis and call for a dialogue with all Cubans, at home or abroad, who advocate nonviolent, peaceful change in Cuban society. The two principal leaders of the human rights movement, the left-wing Elizardo Sánchez (currently in prison for the crime of "disseminating false news") and the more conservative Gustavo Arcos (a former associate of Castro who was injured in the 1953 attack on the Moncada barracks), have clearly indicated their support for nonviolent change and their readiness to participate in a dialogue.

The Cuban government has a critical choice to make: Its central priority can be either to preserve national independence and prevent a sharp decline in living standards or to continue its dogmatic embrace of a neo-Stalinist course that is no longer viable. But it cannot do both. A dialogue such as the one I have outlined could result in a minimum program of national survival with dignity.

This program could be based on the central tenets of Cuba's neutrality and democratization, initiated by the participants in the Cuban dialogue themselves and not imposed from the outside. It would consist, first of all, in a new limited posture for the Cuban state, commensurate with the new world alignment of forces and, equally important, Cuba's own limited resources and population. In other words, in the absence of massive Soviet aid, Cuba would no longer be able to play the role of a middle-level power in the international arena. In line with this reassessment, Cuba would withdraw all military troops and advisers from abroad (a process that is already well under way in Africa) and return them to the island for the sole purpose of further strengthening national defense. The Cuban state would declare itself neutral vis-à-vis all international political and military alliances and conflicts.

Such an initiative by the participants in the Cuban dialogue would make it very difficult for Bush and Gorbachev to resist political demands such as for the closing of the U.S. Navy's Guantánamo base, the return to Cuba of land occupied by the base since 1903 and withdrawal of whatever military personnel the Soviet Union may have on the island. Under those conditions, the United States would be hard pressed to do anything but resume full diplomatic and economic relations with Cuba and enforce the Neutrality Act with respect to groups in Florida or elsewhere that still insisted on organizing armed activities against the Cuban state.

As a follow-up to such dramatic changes in U.S. policy, Cuba could implement a sharp reduction in defense spending with a view to incorporating as many of its military personnel as possible into productive activities. A genuine democratization of the country could be carried out through such measures as the elimination of the political monopoly of the Cuban Communist Party, legal recognition of all political parties willing to abide by the rules of nonviolent political competition and the establishment of a charter of individual rights modeled on the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

These measures are, of course, only the starting point for a political initiative; they do not pretend to describe or prescribe what a new, transformed Cuban society might look like. In particular, I am leaving out the most central question of how the Cuban economy would be reorganized. My own belief is that only a socialist economy under worker and peasant self-management could claim to be truly democratic. Yet I am well aware of the inevitable pressures that Cuba would face from a U.S. empire willing to provide material aid only to those former Communist countries that are willing to adopt a full market economy. A new Cuba might well have no choice but to give certain concessions to foreign capital. If so, some tough bargaining would be required, and a democratic Cuba should insist that it be conducted in a completely open fashion and with full guarantees for unions and other labor rights. (That, incidentally, would be in contrast with the way in which Castro has given very generous concessions, including the suspension of some labor laws, to Spanish and other foreign capitalists willing to invest in the tourist industry.)

If it turned out that the Cuban Communist Party under Fidel Castro had as much popular support as it claims, it

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would continue to be the ruling group or party in a democratized society. In that case, the Cuban people would have freely chosen the Bulgarian option—a ruling communist party in a no-longer-totalitarian state, in which at least certain minimal democratic and individual rights are respected. If that is what the Cuban people *freely* choose, so be it. □

UNREASONABLE CERTAINTY

The Killing of Joe Giarratano

STEPHEN HOOKER

One morning in February 1979 in Norfolk, Virginia, Joseph Giarratano awoke in a drugged haze to discover the bodies of two women with whom he shared an apartment. Michelle Kline, 15, had been strangled in her bed. Her mother, Toni Kline, lay in the blood-drenched bathroom, her carotid artery severed.

Unable to remember what had happened the night before, Giarratano panicked and fled to his home state of Florida. "By the time I got off the bus in Jacksonville," he says, "I decided I must have murdered Toni and Michelle." As soon as he arrived he turned himself in to the first policeman he saw and confessed.

He was 21, the product of a sordid and nightmarish childhood and a drug addict for half his life. At the time of the murders he was a suicidal alcoholic who suffered frequent delusions, hallucinations and blackouts. Giarratano could have been considered one of society's throwaways long before he was sentenced to death.

Now, after more than ten years on death row at Virginia's Mecklenburg Correctional Center, Giarratano spends his leisure moments reading Camus, Aristotle and Dostoyevsky. He has become an authority on constitutional law and wrote a brief for an action that was argued before the Supreme Court. "The man they convicted is long since dead and gone," says Marie Deans, executive director of the Virginia Coalition on Jails and Prisons and a paralegal and counselor who has spent hundreds of hours with Giarratano. "He's come out of the ashes like a phoenix." Gerald Zerkin, Giarratano's attorney, agrees: "No one in his right mind could say now that he's a future danger to anyone."

But Joe Giarratano's rehabilitation is not the issue. A substantial body of new evidence raises grave doubts that he committed the murders of which he was convicted. On October 1, however, the Supreme Court refused to hear his final appeal, and unless Governor L. Douglas Wilder intervenes, the Commonwealth of Virginia could put him to death before the year is out.

Initially, Giarratano seemed eager to cooperate in bring-

Stephen Hooker is a freelance Canadian journalist who has worked on numerous death penalty cases.

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ing about his own extinction. At his trial, throughout which he was administered Thorazine and other strong tranquilizers, the prosecution offered him a plea bargain that would have spared his life. He refused, adamantly proclaiming his guilt, waiving his right to a jury trial and demanding to be executed. "I was convinced that I was evil, and had to be punished for what I did. . . . All I wanted to do was die." His lawyer, Albert Alberi, who had never handled a death penalty case before, knew nothing about his client's memory vulnerabilities and mental illness. He assured the court that Giarratano was fit to stand trial. As a result, no competency hearing was conducted.

Despite warnings from the state's psychiatrist, Miller Ryans, that Giarratano had no actual memory of the night of the killings and that his confessions could have been the product of a serious mental disorder, he was convicted of capital murder. The trial was over in time for lunch. At the sentencing hearing that followed, the prosecutor cited Giarratano's several suicide attempts while in custody as proof of his propensity toward violence. The judge, admitting that he was perplexed by the discrepancies he found in the evidence, nevertheless sent Giarratano to death row, where he was given heavy doses of antipsychotic medication for four years. His public defender was given the standard payment for trying a capital case: $700.

When Giarratano decided to abandon his appeals in 1983, Deans discovered a man who was desperate to die. He was withdrawing from all medication in an effort to appear rational enough to face execution. But after becoming free of drugs for the first time since the age of 10, Giarratano accepted her counseling, regained his will to live and studied law. His attorneys launched a new investigation.

It soon became clear that without his confessions, Giarratano could not have been convicted. He made five in all, but only the fifth bore a passing resemblance to the physical evidence at the scene of the crime, and only that one was presented at the trial. But police officers testified that they had coached their suspect, spoon-feeding their version of the facts to him.

Regarding the fifth confession, Zerkin stated in a recent legal brief that "the statements in [the] confession to the Norfolk Police later turned out to be incompatible with the physical evidence. The fact that these inconsistencies relate to matters then unknown to the police further supports the conclusion that [this] confession provides a reliable account only of what the Norfolk Police then knew, not of what Mr. Giarratano actually remembered or what he had actually done." Giarratano adds, "Looking back, it gets clearer that I got screwed, and I was so messed up in the head I went right along with it."

The five confessions are confused and contradictory, both internally and with one another, and are wildly inconsistent in such fundamental matters as the motive and the date and order of the killings. While Giarratano confessed to strangling Michelle Kline with his hands, an independent pathologist recently testified, "The hallmarks of manual strangulation are not present." Another forensic expert indicated that Toni Kline had been stabbed from behind by a right-handed assailant. Giarratano is left-handed and handicapped by a severe neurological weakness on his right side that has been documented from an early age.

The investigation revealed other important exculpatory evidence that, either by negligence or design, was never submitted at the trial. Numerous unidentified fingerprints and nine hair samples that did not belong to Giarratano or either of his alleged victims were discovered in the apartment, along with a driver's license belonging to another man.

Despite those discoveries, every effort to secure a new trial has been thwarted by the Virginia Attorney General, Mary Sue Terry. Dismissing Giarratano's claims as "frivolous," Terry has denied his lawyers access to a large body of evidence now in her possession, including the police investigation and forensic files, photographs not entered into the trial record and a box of physical evidence containing articles from the crime scene that were never examined or tested. The state's position is that the "conviction was warranted based on the evidence presented at trial."

This "evidence" is easily reviewed. Several of Giarratano's fingerprints were found at the crime scene, along with a single strand of hair believed to be consistent with his color and race. Giarratano's boots, stained by two tiny blood spots, were also introduced, accompanied by crime-scene photographs showing bloodied footprints leading from the bathroom.

Describing the state's case as "adding zero to zero and coming up with two," Zerkin points out that Giarratano's fingerprints and hair were in the apartment because he lived there. The prosecution presented evidence that the blood type of the spots on Giarratano's boots matched that of one of the victims, but failed to mention that it was the victim who hadn't bled much. No test was performed to establish the blood type of the one who bled to death. Furthermore, the arresting officer in Florida submitted a sworn affidavit stating that "Mr. Giarratano had no scratches, bruises or blood on him at the time." Although the prosecution contended that Giarratano's boots made the footprints, sworn testimony by the state forensic examiner indicates that tests she performed in 1979 disputed that possibility.

Unfortunately for Giarratano, Virginia adheres to a legal rule in capital cases that precludes the consideration of newly discovered evidence, even if it's valid. What that rule says, Marie Deans explains, "is that if you didn't tell us about the evidence at the trial, you cannot tell us about it later."

Every appellate court sided with Virginia, holding that it is not their function to reweigh the evidence. "At some point," a recent opinion read, "litigation must end. . . . This motion, and other similar motions, have been brought by counsel for the petitioner primarily for the purpose of delay of the death sentence."

Apparently, Zerkin observes, "the execution of a human being in the complete absence of any credible evidence is not a miscarriage of justice." Joe Giarratano is living testimony to the fallible and fundamentally arbitrary imposition of the death penalty. He will not be for long, though, if courts and public officials continue to esteem political expediency above justice. □

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CAPITALISM HAS WON BUT . . .

Kicking the Tires In Hungary

MIKLÓS VÁMOS

Budapest

Kapitalismus Siegt—that's a direct quote from the Berlin wall. "Capitalism wins," read the graffiti on the gray concrete colossus that was the most impressive result of socialist architecture, built almost overnight. It was supposed to defend socialism from capitalism. It could not. Now that the wall is down, politicians in Eastern Europe are trying to forget every word starting with "social." People in this area are willing to believe that capitalism looks exactly like Florida. Under the blue sky everyone is rich. But the newborn capitalism brought unemployment, poverty and dramatic social and ethnic tensions to Eastern Europe—while it didn't change the weather.

American business people are gathering in the expensive hotels, hoping to get the largest possible slab of the new meat. Maxwell and Murdoch buy newspapers. Western joint ventures mushroom, and Western journalists like to declare in a triumphant voice that capitalism has won, just as the graffiti said.

Gimme a break. Returning to Hungary from the United States after two years I can see that socialism lost. That's obvious. At the same time, capitalism will have to wait awhile for its victory. I am aware that this is the last thing American readers want to hear. They would like to celebrate the collapse of socialism as the greatest victory of the United States since World War II. I don't want to spoil the fun, but I have to cool down the general optimism. Socialism is not only a social system, it is also a way of thinking that is still present in the ex-bloc—en bloc.

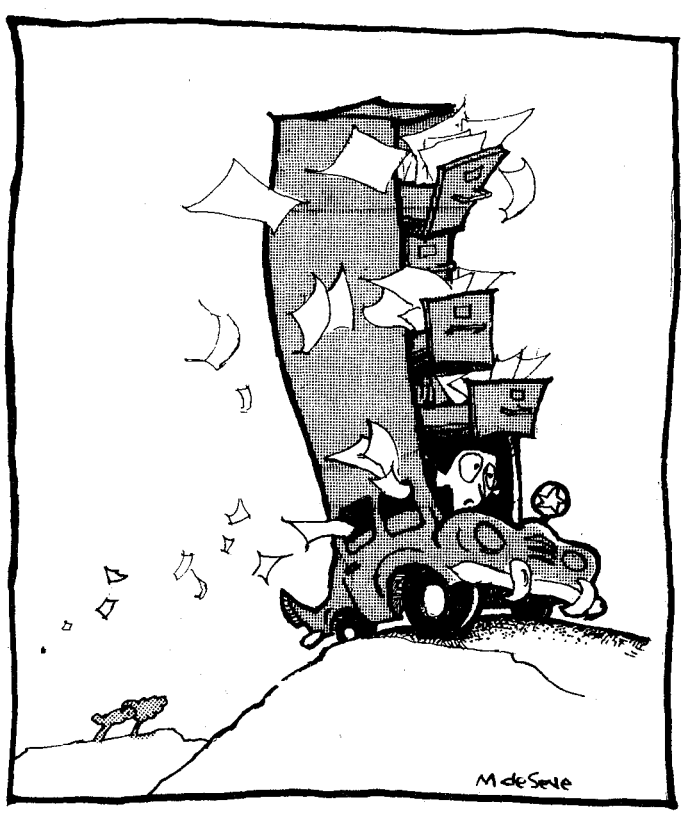
Let's take just one example. In a capitalist country, buying a car is only a financial problem. You go to a dealer and buy the car you can afford. In Eastern Europe, thousands and thousands of citizens are *waiting* for their cars. They applied for them and paid an advance many years ago. In Hungary, you had to lay down half the purchase price of an out-of-date Russian, Polish or Czechoslovak automobile. You still have to. Then you must wait. The most popular cars will be yours—in seven or eight years.

And don't forget that Hungary is considered the most developed country in Eastern Europe, a political and economic pioneer. It is already possible to buy Western cars, but only for those lucky citizens who have access to hard currency. In Hungary you get paid in forints, a "soft currency" that buys half a dozen types of cars produced in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. These vehicles—Lada (Russian), Trabant and Wartburg (East German), Skoda (Czechoslovak), Dacia (Romanian) and Polski Fiat (Polish)—are poor replicas of Western European models of the 1960s. They burn a lot of leaded gasoline, pollute the air heavily and break down often. Even so, those who can get them are more than happy.

The citizens who made their down payment six or seven years ago have already forgotten about it. Suddenly, they receive a five-day notice from Merkur, the central car-distributing company. The citizens are informed that their car has arrived. Now they have to pay the second installment and pick up the car in five days. Six or seven years ago half the price—in the case of a Lada—equaled the annual salary of an engineer. In the meantime, car prices were raised several times. Due to an inflation rate of 50 percent a year, wages were also raised. The second half of the price is now no less than twice the engineer's salary.

Eastern Europeans usually don't have that kind of money. They have to borrow. If they cannot, they won't see the car for months. The Merkur company is not very fast, in spite of its name, which is Hungarian for Mercury, swift messenger of the gods.

When you have collected the money you need, you go to the bank. It is called the National Savings Bank (O.T.P.). It has lots of branch offices throughout the country, but for some unknown reason you have to go to the only one that is assigned to deal with payments for cars. If you have money in a C.D. at any other branch office (checking and savings accounts don't exist—and what kind of capitalism can function without them?), there's no way to send your money from your office to the one where you have to pay, although both belong to the O.T.P. What do you do? You withdraw your money from one O.T.P. office, put it in a suitcase and carry it to the other O.T.P. *Kapitalismus siegt* . . .



Miklós Vámos writes regularly for The Nation *from Eastern Europe.*

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Now you have to wait in the second office for a few hours, and the room is smelly and crowded. The other customers are angry and sweating and cursing. They all have suitcases with them. Czechoslovak and Polish tourists are lining up to buy forints, which for them is almost a hard currency, since theirs are even softer.

Later, you'll realize that even the bank was preferable to the aluminum bunkhouselike building of Merkur, which is in an industrial suburb. When you arrive there are already 600 people sitting in and standing around fifty plastic-covered armchairs. The first thing you do is hand over the papers you have. Then you wait for an hour or two. Then you can choose the color of your future car—from the three colors available. Sometimes it's only two. On some days there is only one. (This may really remind us of capitalism: The car is available in every color, but you want black.)

Now you wait another two or three hours. It is very hot under the aluminum ceiling—no air-conditioning or windows. Capitalism is present only on the screen of two TV sets. MTV can be seen via satellite, but fortunately the sound is turned off; people are angry enough without it. Everywhere there are exhausted little children asleep on their parents' laps and shoulders.

Next you can enter the car showroom and choose your car. "Choose" may not be the proper word. Usually, the salesperson has only one car to show you. The seats are dirty, the chassis is scratched, one of the doors is jammed and there are signs of a fuel leak. Still, as you'll soon realize, this is the best car available. So you sigh and take it.

Now you have only another three hours to wait before the car is yours. You are so tired that there is the risk you'll be in an accident on the way home. Statistics prove that lots of people wreck their cars on the first day they get them. No wonder.

The gas tank is almost empty (Merkur employees can do with the free gasoline). You have to buy some at the first filling station. Here there's capitalism—the amount you pay is one-tenth the monthly salary of an engineer. If you give up your apartment, don't eat, don't buy any clothes and don't raise your children, you can buy gasoline nine more times this month.

That is how *Kapitalismus siegt* in Eastern Europe up to now. The Berlin wall is down, but there are lots of other walls that have to be destroyed. Shortages, stupidity and disorder rule the industry, agriculture and commerce of the ex-Communist countries, and the newly elected governments and parliaments haven't done much yet. Democracy is a time-consuming sport even if you already know the rules. Eastern Europe is just studying those rules. Customers are still treated as hirelings by lots of companies, and shortages don't let competition come into play.

We should be patient and not lose our tempers. Socialism, which never worked, needed half a century to fail. Capitalism will also need some time before its victory—or failure—in Eastern Europe. □

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Kissinger

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

American Embassy and hostages in Teheran.

Nevertheless, in the weeks after Iraq invaded Kuwait, Kissinger was a ubiquitous presence on the nation's airwaves and in newspaper columns. He was interviewed on ABC's *This Week With David Brinkley*, published at great length on the opinion page of *The Washington Post* (and, through the *Post-Los Angeles Times* syndication service, in newspapers across the country) and respectfully quoted in *The New York Times*. He was, as they say, a player again.

Not that he ever truly lost access to ruling circles. Since leaving government in 1977, Kissinger has maintained a lucrative global network of business and political contacts and has made a special point of cultivating influence in the news media. Besides circulating opinion columns through the *Post-Times* syndicate, he has served on the board of CBS Inc. and has been a paid consultant to both NBC News and ABC News.

Whatever one thinks of Kissinger's deeds on a substantive level, the "most favored expert" status that the U.S. media have bestowed on him is odd, if only because of his demonstrated record of contempt for an independent press and the free flow of information upon which it depends. Kissinger has admitted to wiretapping reporters and his own aides during his years as Richard Nixon's National Security Adviser. Kissinger requested the wiretaps (which were handled by former F.B.I. director J. Edgar Hoover and by Alexander Haig, then the White House Chief of Staff) in order to find out who was leaking information to the press about American policy toward Vietnam. Kissinger, of course, was hardly opposed to leaks in principle; he spent a good portion of his working days spoon-feeding such influential denizens of the Washington press corps as *Time*'s Hugh Sidey and CBS's Marvin Kalb. But Kissinger trusted no one else with this delicate task, which is perhaps understandable, given the considerable distance between his private version of events and the reality of his policies. Indeed, his wiretaps can be seen as part of a multifaceted White House campaign

Mark Hertsgaard is the author, most recently, of On Bended Knee: The Press and the Reagan Presidency. *He is the media critic for* Rolling Stone *and National Public Radio and is a frequent contributor to* The New Yorker.

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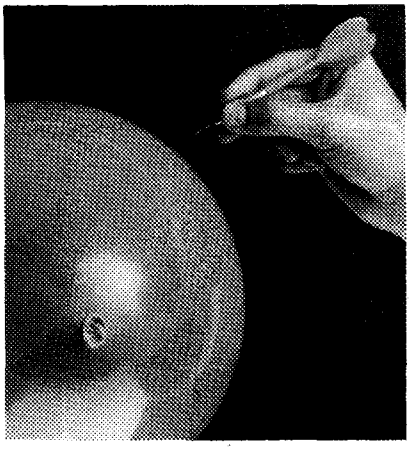

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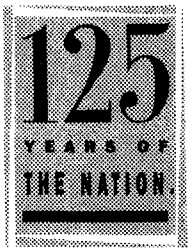

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to keep the nation ignorant of the true nature of his and Nixon's foreign policy.

Kissinger's obsession with keeping everyone—the citizenry, the Congress, even his own Administration colleagues—in the dark about his actions is displayed in all its banal iniquity in the State Department document printed on page 492. So are his casual disdain for law and constitutional procedure, his disregard for the human consequences of his policies, his bizarre personal paranoia and his petulant sense of self-importance. "You have a responsibility to recognize that we are living in a revolutionary situation," he admonishes aides at one point, adding ominously, "Everything on paper will be used against me."

What provoked this particular outburst on Kissinger's part was the State Department's dispatch of the "cable on [East] Timor" that he refers to in the third sentence of the minutes. As Secretary of State, Kissinger had just returned from a tour of Asia with President Gerald Ford. One objective of this tour seems to have been psychological. Saigon had fallen to North Vietnamese forces that April, and Kissinger apparently thought it urgent to send a message to friends and foes alike that the United States remained a power to be reckoned with and would not retreat an inch in the global struggle against Soviet and Chinese "adventurism."

The two hot spots most vexing to Kissinger at the moment were East Timor and Angola. Both were former Portuguese colonies; both had been promised independence by the democratic government that had taken over following the overthrow of Lisbon's right-wing dictatorship in 1974. As Kissinger met with his colleagues in December 1975, however, this independence still seemed a long and bloody way off, and not least because of policies Kissinger himself had implemented. East Timor is situated on the eastern end of the Indonesian archipelago; Angola, on the southwest coast of Africa. Although located half a world away from each other, both shared the common cold war misfortune of being regarded primarily as pawns in a global chess game. In July 1975 Kissinger had obtained President Ford's approval for a covert military program designed to install a pro-U.S. government in Angola. And in August, he had signaled Jakarta that the United States would not object if the Indonesians invaded East Timor, which by then was controlled by the leftist Fretilin movement.

The Indonesians invaded on December 7, one day after Ford and Kissinger left Jakarta. It was a punishing assault, and the result was mass slaughter. According to church sources, an estimated 100,000 people—one of every seven Timorese—were killed over the next twelve months. The Indonesians did comply with an American request to delay their attack until Air Force One was well clear of Jakarta, but they alarmed State Department officials by making extensive use of U.S.-supplied military equipment. This violated American law, which mandated that such equipment be employed only in self-defense, and triggered one of the controversies detailed in the minutes printed below.

Kissinger was upset with his subordinates on two counts: first, with their conclusion that the Indonesians had broken the law (and thereby made suspension of additional aid politically necessary on Capitol Hill); second, and most important, that they had dared notify Kissinger of this in a cable sent before his return to Washington.

Kissinger's great fear, of course, is that the American public might eventually discover the truth about his policy on East Timor. He wants "to stop it [the aid] quietly," and dismisses Assistant Secretary Philip Habib's assurance that the cable "will not leak." Kissinger becomes nearly apoplectic when he learns that actually "there are two cables! And that means twenty guys have seen it." This naturally raises the odds that a reporter will eventually get wind of it.

Near the end of the meeting, Kissinger decides to finesse the legal problem by telling Congress that aid will be cut off "while we are studying" the issue. But the aid will secretly "start again in January." And so it came to pass. A "modified suspension of military aid" to Indonesia was imposed for six months, but in name only; as Noam Chomsky later testified to the United Nations, "the flow of arms [was] uninterrupted, including attack helicopters and other equipment required to wipe hundreds of villages off the face of the earth, destroy crops, and herd the remnants of the population into internment centers."

Why publish this fifteen-year-old document now? That Henry Kissinger has lied, circumvented the law and blasphemed democratic principles is, after all, hardly late-breaking news. Nevertheless, it is worthwhile to fill in another small portion of the public record. And the special advantage of this document is that it cannot be discounted in the way that some of Kissinger's friends tried to undermine Hersh's *The Price of Power*, a work that relied in part on the recollections of Kissinger's associates. No one can dispute the memory or accuracy of the sources quoted here,

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for they are Kissinger and company themselves, as recorded by the State Department's own notetaker.

But the larger reason for calling attention to these minutes of a long-ago conversation is that Kissinger is still managing to escape his past. Readers of *The Nation* may not need a refresher course in the mendacity and personal unpleasantness of Henry Kissinger, but the executive producers of this country's television talk shows and the editors of its newspaper opinion pages evidently do. For they have enthusiastically welcomed Kissinger back onto the public stage during the Persian Gulf crisis, just as they cooperated earlier this year in the most recent resuscitation of Richard Nixon. One may doubt that these media gatekeepers will now somehow be swayed by the addition of yet another brick in the bloody wall. But one can always hope.

SECRET/SENSITIVE

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION

Participants: The Secretary
Deputy Secretary [Robert] Ingersoll
Under Secretary [for Political Affairs Joseph] Sisco
Under Secretary [Carlyle] Maw
Deputy Under Secretary [Lawrence] Eagleburger
Assistant Secretary [Philip] Habib
Monroe Leigh, Legal Advisor
Jerry Bremer, Notetaker

Date: December 18, 1975

Subject: Department Policy

The Secretary: I want to raise a little bit of hell about the Department's conduct in my absence. Until last week I thought we had a disciplined group; now we've gone to pieces completely. Take this cable on [East] Timor. You know my attitude and anyone who knows my position as you do must know that I would not have approved it. The only consequence is to put yourself on record. It is a disgrace to treat the Secretary of State this way. . . .

What possible explanation is there for it? I had told you to stop it quietly. What is your place doing, Phil, to let this happen? It is incomprehensible. It is wrong in substance and in procedure. It is a disgrace. Were you here?

Habib: No.

. . .

Habib: Our assessment was that if it was going to be trouble, it would come up before your return. And I was told they decided it was desirable to go ahead with the cable.

The Secretary: Nonsense. I said do it for a few weeks and then open up again.

Habib: The cable will not leak.

The Secretary: Yes it will and it will go to Congress too and then we will have hearings on it.

Habib: I was away. I was told by cable that it had come up.

The Secretary: That means that there are two cables! And that means twenty guys have seen it.

Habib: No, I got it back channel—it was just one paragraph double talk and cryptic so I knew what it was talking about. I was told that Leigh thought that there was a legal requirement to do it.

Leigh: No, I said it could be done administratively. It was not in our interest to do it on legal grounds.

Sisco: We were told that you had decided we had to stop.

The Secretary: Just a minute, just a minute. You all know my view on this. You must have an FSO-8 [Foreign Service officer, class eight] who knows it well. It will have a devastating impact on Indonesia. There's this masochism in the extreme here. No one has complained that it was aggression.

Leigh: The Indonesians were violating an agreement with us.

The Secretary: The Israelis when they go into Lebanon—when was the last time we protested that?

Leigh: That's a different situation.

Maw: It is self-defense.

The Secretary: And we can't construe a Communist government in the middle of Indonesia as self-defense?

Leigh: Well . . .

The Secretary: Then you're saying that arms can't be used for defense.

Habib: No, they can be used for the defense of Indonesia.

The Secretary: Now take a look at this basic theme that is coming out on Angola. These SOBs are leaking all of this stuff to [*New York Times* reporter] Les Gelb.

Sisco: I can tell you who.

The Secretary: Who?

Sisco: [National Security Council staff member William] Hyland spoke to him.

The Secretary: Wait a minute—Hyland said . . .

Sisco: He said he briefed Gelb.

The Secretary: I want these people to know that our concern in Angola is not the economic wealth or a naval base. It has to do with the USSR operating 8,000 miles from home when all the surrounding states are asking for our help. This will affect the Europeans, the Soviets, and China.

On the Timor thing, that will leak in three months and it will come out that Kissinger overruled his pristine bureaucrats and violated the law. How many people in L [the legal adviser's office] know about this?

Leigh: Three.

Habib: There are at least two in my office.

The Secretary: Plus everybody in the meeting so you're talking about not less than 15 or 20.

You have a responsibility to recognize that we are living in a revolutionary situation. Everything on paper will be used against me.

Habib: We do that and take account of that all the time.

. . .

The Secretary: Every day some SOB in the Department is carrying on about Angola but no one is defending Angola. Find me one quote in the Gelb article defending our policy in Angola.

Habib: I think the leaks and dissent are the burden you have to bear.

The Secretary: But the people in charge of this Department could have lacerated AF [Bureau for African Affairs].

Ingersoll: I was told it came from up the river.

Eagleburger: No way.

The Secretary: Don't be ridiculous. It's quoted there. Read Gelb. Was [Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs William] Schaufele called in and told to get his house under control? This is not minor league stuff. We are going to lose big. The President says to the Chinese that we're going to stand firm in Angola and two weeks later we get out. I go to a NATO meeting and meanwhile the Department leaks that we're worried about a naval base and says it's an exaggeration or aberration of Kissinger's. I don't care about the oil or the base but I do care about the African reaction when they see the Soviets pull it off and we don't do anything. If the Europeans then say to themselves if they can't hold Luanda, how can they defend Europe? The Chinese will say we're a country that was run out of Indochina for 50,000 men and is now being run out

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of Angola for less than $50 million. Where were the meetings here yesterday? Were there any?

. . .

The Secretary: It cannot be that our agreement with Indonesia says that the arms are for internal purposes only. I think you will find that it says that they are legitimately used for self-defense.

There are two problems. The merits of the case which you have a duty to raise with me. The second is how to put these to me. But to put it into a cable 30 hours before I return, knowing how cables are handled in this building, guarantees that it will be a national disaster and that transcends whatever [Deputy Legal Adviser George] Aldrich has in his feverish mind.

I took care of it with the administrative thing by ordering Carlyle [Maw] to not make any new sales.

How will the situation get better in six weeks?

Habib: They may get it cleaned up by then.

The Secretary: The Department is falling apart and has reached the point where it disobeys clear-cut orders.

Habib: We sent the cable because we thought it was needed and we thought it needed your attention. This was ten days ago.

The Secretary: Nonsense. When did I get the cable, Jerry?

Bremer: Not before the weekend. I think perhaps on Sunday.

The Secretary: You had to know what my view on this was. No one who has worked with me in the last two years could not know what my view would be on Timor.

Habib: Well, let us look at it—talk to Leigh. There are still some legal requirements. I can't understand why it went out if it was not legally required.

The Secretary: Am I wrong in assuming that the Indonesians will go up in smoke if they hear about this?

Habib: Well, it's better than a cutoff. It could be done at a low level.

The Secretary: We have four weeks before Congress comes back. That's plenty of time.

Leigh: The way to handle the administrative cutoff would be that we are studying the situation.

The Secretary: And 36 hours was going to be a major problem?

Leigh: We had a meeting in Sisco's office and decided to send the message.

The Secretary: I know what the law is but how can it be in the US national interest for us to give up on Angola and kick the Indonesians in the teeth? Once it is on paper, there will be a lot of FSO-6's who can make themselves feel good who can write for the Open Forum Panel on the thing even though I will turn out to be right in the end.

Habib: The second problem on leaking of cables is different.

The Secretary: No, it's an empirical fact.

Eagleburger: Phil, it's a fact. You can't say that any NODIS [most restricted distribution] cable will leak but you can't count on three to six months later someone asking for it [*sic*] in Congress. If it's part of the written record, it will be dragged out eventually.

The Secretary: You have an obligation to the national interest. I don't care if we sell equipment to Indonesia or not. I get nothing from it. I get no rakeoff. But you have an obligation to figure out how to serve your country. The Foreign Service is not to serve itself. The Service stands for service to the United States and not service to the Foreign Service.

Habib: I understand that that's what this cable would do.

The Secretary: The minute you put this into the system you cannot resolve it without a finding.

Leigh: There's only one question. What do we say to Congress if we're asked?

The Secretary: We cut it off while we are studying it. We intend to start again in January. □

EDITORIALS.

(*Continued From Page 477*)

however, are economic and social; dire poverty undermines life expectancy. Add to this the ravages of AIDS.

To put teeth into the provisions, the framers drew up an accompanying World Declaration on the Survival, Protection, and Development of Children and Plan of Action for Implementing the World Declaration, which sets specific goals for the 1990s. Built into the convention are monitoring provisions that cover, among other things, the right to adequate housing, health services, child care, education and recreational and cultural activities. The very existence of the convention creates a standard against which to measure the treatment of children everywhere. It is enshrined in international law, whether or not the children's governments ratify the convention. All seventy-one of the nations that attended the summit, including the United States, have signed the declaration, thereby pledging to work for ratification and implementation of the convention.

The U.S. press was late turning its attention to the summit. Few among the U.S. mass media reported that, as agreement neared on the final draft, the proceedings hit a roadblock when the United States and Britain killed a provision that would have established a minimum age of 18 for military conscription [see "All Our Children," December 18, 1989].

In this country African-Americans will surely look upon the enactment of the convention as the hand of God intervening again when all seemed dark. The plight of the masses of black children and others of color in America represents in microcosm the crisis afflicting children in the most desperately poor countries. The potential power of this new instrument should not be underestimated. Just as the American Declaration of Independence, despite its failure to protect the rights of blacks, Native Americans and women, held up a model that made the struggle for justice in the United States possible, and the U.N. Declaration of Human Rights proved to be a powerful weapon in the hands of the people of many nations, so with the Convention on the Rights of the Child.

When new instruments for advancement are placed in human hands, the possibilities for running—and winning—the race increase. Extraordinarily, almost incomprehensibly, the U.N. has just handed children and all who love them a magnificent one. JEWELL HANDY GRESHAM

Jewell Handy Gresham was co-editor of The Nation's *special issue on the black family.*

COMING UP

Virginia N. Sherry on Kuwaiti Non-Democracy

Eric Alterman on the Rosenthal/Buchanan Imbroglio

Daniel Singer on The New Holy Alliance

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

No More Nice Jewish Boys?

MICHAEL ROSENTHAL

TOUGH JEWS: Political Fantasies and the Moral Dilemma of American Jewry. *By Paul Breines. Basic Books. 277 pp. $19.95.*

THE FALSE PROPHET: Rabbi Meir Kahane—From FBI Informant to Knesset Member. *By Robert I. Friedman. Lawrence Hill. 282 pp. $19.95.*

Tough Jews, Paul Breines says, was written in "the service of gentleness," in the hopes that it might provide an antidote to the ideology of toughness and nationalism that Breines sees dominating political discourse today. Robert I. Friedman's *The False Prophet* complements Breines uncannily. A biography of Meir Kahane, the founder of the Jewish Defense League, it is an implacably pursued exposure of a particularly virulent strain of that nationalism embodied in one pathological but all-too-persuasive figure. Ostensibly the toughest of all tough Jews, Kahane constitutes a vivid case study of all that Breines decries. The books make particular sense when read together, and both deserve to be read.

Breines's thesis is a simple one: With the astounding Israeli military victory in the Six-Day War of 1967, American Jews were suddenly drawn to a new conception of the Jew. The traditional stereotype of the Jew as passive victim—the weak and gentle Jew who endured through his wits and wisdom, the Jew as amiable schlemiel—dramatically gave way to a new idealized type: the tough, sunburned Jewish warrior who can fly jets, handle Uzis and generally outgun the goyim. For Breines, the triumph of Israeli military might fundamentally transformed the American Jewish community, changing the ways American Jews thought about Israel, the Holocaust and even their own bodies. *Tough Jews* is a speculative, wide-ranging essay focusing on this transformation and the new images, popular fiction and morally deforming consequences it has produced.

It is also intensely personal. Breines charts his own "tough Jew experience," which led him to undertake this book in the first place. It occurred not in 1967 but in 1982, when he read Ken Follett's best-selling spy novel *Triple* and found himself seduced by its Mossad secret agent hero, Nat Dickstein, the Auschwitz survivor who dispatches large numbers of evil Arabs and Russians with dazzling virtuosity. Dickstein's toughness, his capacity to kill, provided Breines, the 41-year-old leftist Jewish professor, with a visceral satisfaction he had not expected. Even as he was appalled by his responses, he found himself thrilled by Dickstein's awesome lethal powers. The infatuation was brief, lasting only several days, but it was the disturbing sensation of what he calls "the Jewish adrenalin of revenge and power" coursing through his body that led him to want to investigate the relationship between his "passion for toughness" and a Jewish cultural tradition that has always prided itself on eschewing violence in the interests of rationality and gentleness. Beginning with his own "conversion" experience, rather laboriously elaborated through discussions of Freud and Isaac Bashevis Singer, Breines argues that his fantasies of Jewish toughness are not only representative but that such fantasies undercut the assumption that Jews are by nature gentler and less violent than others. According to Breines, Jewish meekness constitutes a remarkable adaptation to the fact that Jews were historically excluded from what he calls the "world of effective bodily activity"—war, hunting, farming and landownership. The cultural ideal of gentleness emerged, in part, as the virtue of this historic necessity.

Reconciling the tradition of gentleness with the intoxication with toughness poses a major challenge to Jewish identity.

But give Jews the means of destruction and they can be as tough—and as unyielding and as violent—as anybody else. No worse, certainly, but no better either. And this is one of the painful ironies Breines emphasizes: Having normalized their situation in the world through the forging of a nation, the Jews are now free to act the way other nations seem to act, which includes all manner of brutality and oppression in their own perceived interests. Although Breines tends to tread rather delicately around the Palestinian issue and the *intifada*, the point is clear.

One of the fascinating themes Breines explores throughout the book is the extent to which the imagery and ideals of toughness that American Jews now find so attractive depend for their legitimacy on the traditional counterimagery of powerlessness and frailty. For it is Jew as historical victim that finally authenticates the role of Jew as victimizer, and behind the brutal Israeli response to the *intifada* lurks the horror of the Holocaust. Breines states persuasively that "Zionism needs its weak and gentle Jewish counterparts to give moral justification to Jewish participation in the world of bodies, specifically, of physical violence, including killing or even sadism." For Breines, the need to reconcile the tradition of gentleness with the current intoxication with toughness—who can suppress a smile of satisfaction at the thought of Entebbe?—poses a major challenge to Jewish identity today.

Although it was not until the establishment of Israel that the Jews had the opportunity to organize their toughness in a focused political way, Breines is at pains to show that Jewish toughness has always existed and that it was neither Zionism nor the Jewish state that invented it. Relying heavily on the work of two historians, Reuben Ainsztein and David Biale, Breines finds individual instances of tough Jews everywhere, in addition to Masada and the resistance during the Holocaust: in the Middle Ages, when Jews were known for their fighting prowess; in seventeenth-century Poland, where they actively resisted the pogroms that swept the country; in Peter Stuyvesant's New Amsterdam. Jewish soldiers fought in the Revolutionary War and in the Boer War. There were Jewish heavyweight boxing champions, Jewish spies, Jewish cowboys and some especially tough Amer-

Michael Rosenthal is a professor of English at Columbia University and the author of The Character Factory: Baden-Powell's Boy Scouts and the Imperatives of Empire *(Pantheon).*

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ican Jewish gangsters, to name a few. Toughness, in short, existed before the Six-Day War, a shadowy and not generally acknowledged part of Jewish history.

The last section of the book is devoted to a study of the subgenre of tough Jewish novels—Breines calls them "Rambowitz" novels—that grew out of the Six-Day War and that document much of the new imagery Breines has been analyzing. Celebrating not the *Yiddishkeit* of I.B. Singer's gentle heroes, they depict instead the multifarious ways in which muscular, tough-talking, straight-shooting Jews polish off the oily, disreputable, libidinally out-of-control Arabs. In the clash of stereotypes that predictably characterizes this sort of fiction, Breines points out the "systematically hostile and often racist" treatment of Arabs, both male and female. Indeed, so pervasive and insistent is the stereotyping that Breines sees these novels as almost constituting a kind of "mass-circulation curriculum aimed at transforming Jewish American and American consciousness." The claim is excessive—who in this notion is organizing the curriculum of second-rate fiction?—yet it does suggest the way in which popular images have helped provide Americans with a convenient rationale for mistrusting and dismissing the Arabs.

The racist implications inherent in the portrayal of the Jewish heroes do not escape Breines either. He comments that blue eyes and blond hair are "recommended though not required" traits of the tough Jews, and notes the irony that the rugged Jewish warrior-hero has now come to resemble the mythic Aryan figure that Nazi Germany fashioned as an antitype to conventional notions of the physically frail Jew. Rejecting as inappropriate the reflective virtues of the older Jewish tradition and the physical type often associated with it, the idealized images of tough Jews in the Rambowitz novels are as disturbing for what they leave out as for what they include.

Tough Jews is an original, challenging book filled with provocative ideas, even if Breines's argument against toughness seems doomed to irrelevance in a world that thrives on it. In light of the particular brands of nationalistic toughness now flexing their muscles over the crisis in the Persian Gulf, Breines's well-meaning conclusion, in which he wishes to end with a "summons gently to abolish the conditions that generate toughness," could hardly be more ineffectual.

There is, on the other hand, nothing ineffectual about Robert I. Friedman's biography of Meir Kahane. It is a devastating, thoroughly convincing account of the career (by no means over) of a world-class fraud, megalomaniac and vicious bigot who rose to prominence—and a seat in the Knesset in 1984—by exploiting the basest fears of Jews both here and in Israel. A genius in the marketing of racial and religious hatred, Kahane demonstrates what implacable ambition unsullied by any trace of decency or morality can do for you if only you are serious.

Gifted with that "passionate intensity" that Yeats saw only the worst people possessing, Kahane, as Friedman makes clear, has at least always been consistent in his messianic aspirations for himself and his willingness to do whatever it takes to realize his goals. The beginnings, however, were not auspicious. A failed rabbi (he was fired by his first—and only—congregation), he got his real start by going into the undercover business with an old pal, providing information on allegedly subversive groups to customers, particularly the F.B.I. Trading in his yarmulke for a pseudonym (Michael King), Kahane spent the mid-1960s reporting on the John Birch Society, lobbying for the Vietnam War and helping the F.B.I. keep tabs on the activities of all the left-wing peace groups he could manage to infiltrate.

But the covert life of Michael King, complete with its adventures and opportunities for sexual liaisons (in which, despite his wife and four children, he apparently indulged prodigiously), was hardly enough for the rampant ego needs of Meir Kahane. To flourish he required not a shadowy undercover existence but the glare of explicit public recognition. His invention of the J.D.L. in 1968 gave him that—and much more. Capitalizing on the racial tensions of the late 1960s, the J.D.L. purported to be ready to defend innocent Jews from the alleged anti-Semitism stemming from the increasingly militant black civil rights movement. In fact, it never defended anybody from anything, except perhaps Kahane from his creditors. In providing Kahane a platform from which to spout his politics of hate and fear, it enabled him to galvanize the anxieties of thousands of Jews into pouring millions of dollars into an organization whose real mission was not their protection but the selling of Meir Kahane.

By this time a culture hero of the Jew-

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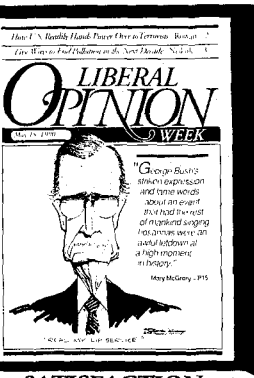

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ish right in New York, it took only giving up his antiblack agitation in favor of the cause of Soviet Jewry for him to become esteemed by the Israeli ultraright as well. By 1971 the self-appointed savior of the Jewish people was in fact living in Israel and was in the process of exchanging his obscene J.D.L. slogan, "Every Jew a .22," for his equally obscene call to expel all Arabs from Israel and the occupied territories. While his seat in the Knesset was taken away before his term was over, it nevertheless reveals the extent to which his hatred of the Arabs has found popular support in Israel.

Friedman negotiates the miasma of Kahane's life with both admirable restraint and a compelling urgency, exposing his cynicism, his dishonesty, his untroubled racism. He examines as well the human wreckage spawned by Kahane's fanaticism—altogether, a grim and unforgiving portrait of a man who has always feasted on confrontation. "The worse it gets for Israel the better it gets for me," Friedman says Kahane once told him.

If Friedman's book were simply a study of a pathological racist and narcissist it would still be worth reading. But it is more than that. It is as much about Kahaneism as about Kahane, about the gullibility and complicity of a world that uses him for its own purposes and permits him to thrive.

It is about *The New York Times* not publishing a story about one of Kahane's adulterous relationships, which had ended in the woman's suicide, on the grounds that it might generate anti-Semitism or violate the paper's standards of fairness. Given Kahane's moral posturings as head of the J.D.L., such a revelation might well have destroyed his credibility among his followers and altered the course of the J.D.L., but it was not to be.

It is about the F.B.I.'s delightedly working with the J.D.L. in its early days in shared counterintelligence efforts to discredit the Black Panthers and other black nationalist groups, and about the bureau's crackdown on the league when its bombings on behalf of Soviet Jews began to threaten détente.

It is about the rich Jewish businessmen who publicly denounced the J.D.L. while secretly financing it; and about Yitzhak Shamir, who, although quick now to denounce Kahane's extreme positions, was the major tactician and decision maker when the J.D.L. launched its terrorist campaign against the Soviet Union.

Kahaneism also has its bizarre, Robert Ludlum–like right-wing convolutions. In 1971 the orthodox rabbi from Brooklyn joined forces with the Italian American Civil Rights League, founded by dreaded mob boss Joseph Colombo to resist racial and religious persecution. Colombo and Kahane actively supported each other, and when Kahane needed $25,000 in bail money, Colombo showed up in court and paid it. The day he left for Israel, Kahane stopped off on the way to the plane to pay his respects to Colombo, then brain-damaged from an unsuccessful attempt on his life.

While it is convenient to dismiss Kahane as an aberration, the significance of Friedman's book is in showing that such a judgment is too easy and too dangerous. Friedman regards Kahane's life as a "looking glass into the dark side of Israel's soul," but his career tells us a fair amount about the condition of the American soul as well. Barry Slotnick, famous defense attorney and media star, perhaps makes the best case for Friedman's argument when he tells him that historians will someday judge Kahane "as one of the great heroes of the Jewish people." The importance of *The False Prophet* couldn't be better put. □

Eyes on the Prize

ROBYN SELMAN

The famous statistic that women over the age of 40 have a greater chance of being killed by a terrorist than marrying for the first time has a correlative for women poets: A young woman writer has a better chance of being terrorized than of getting together with a mainstream publisher. For the time being, and probably well into the next century, winning a first-book competition is virtually the only way (aside from self-publication) for a female writer to get her first book of poetry into print. Poetry prizes have ceased to be dreams nurtured in private moments of fantasy and self-regard—they're now necessities.

It looks as if mainstream book publishers have hung out a sign that reads "Emerging Poets Don't Bother," and in many cases that also applies to women writers who have already published one or more books. During the 1970s things were different. First—and second—books were published by writers such as Alicia Ostriker, Maxine Kumin and Audre Lorde. But by the end of the 1980s there was only the occasional plunk of a rock being tossed into a still pond—by prize committees or small or university presses that can't afford to make a big splash on behalf of the few writers they present.

Winning a prize is crucial to an emerging poet's career, but the publications are one-shot deals. Given the choice between having her first book appear as part of a prize series or on a publisher's regular list, a young writer would do well to choose the prize, considering that books selected for publication will, in the normal course of things, carry with them the implication that the publisher will at least consider the writer's next work. But I'd be hard pressed to think of one first-book winner whose next book appeared with the same publisher. This is also the case with prizes that are not limited to first books, like the National Poetry Series.

IN THIS REVIEW

HEREDITY. *By Patricia Storace. Beacon. 80 pp. Paper $7.95.*

LAUGHING AT GRAVITY. *By Elizabeth Socolow. Beacon. 142 pp. Paper $9.95.*

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND ANGELS. *By Mary Campbell. Beacon. 73 pp. Paper $9.95.*

CHANNEL. *By Barbara Jordan. Beacon. 61 pp. Paper $9.95.*

ALL OF THE ABOVE. *By Dorothy Barresi. Beacon. Forthcoming.*

THE EATING HILL. *By Karen Mitchell. Eighth Mountain Press. 87 pp. Paper $8.95.*

There too, it would not be easy to find a writer whose subsequent book was published by the same press that produced her prize-winning volume. I do know of one case in which an editor at Viking refused even to look at a writer's next volume.

Some advance the thought that the craft of poetry is well served by its rigorous selection process. We've all heard

Robyn Selman has poems forthcoming in Conditions *and* Puerto del Sol. *Her criticism has appeared in* The Village Voice.

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this: Cream rises to the top. But the problem with this kind of thinking is that it looks past the fact that the top is, after all, an exclusive, white male club. White men still lead by far in the publication of first books, though in the past decade women have taken many of the post-publication prizes.

Publication prizes are in the business of helping the cream rise. Disproportionate to the number of poets desiring them, there are very few first-book prizes available in the United States, and only two that I know of—Barnard's New Women Poets Series and the Eighth Mountain Press Prize—are awarded solely to women. Of these two prizes, the Barnard is the most sought-after, largely because Eighth Mountain's has not, as yet, established itself over time, and perhaps also because the former has the benefit of its institutional name. In fact, it is pursued by as many as 600 women writers each year.

Patricia Storace, herself a Barnard graduate, was the first winner of the prize. In an introduction to the volume, Louise Bernikow (the judge, also a Barnard alumna) called it audacious, and that remains a good description. *Heredity* (1987) has the best qualities of a first book: It is brave, full of intelligent spirit and experimental, though sometimes uneven.

While Storace's intellectual rebellion may delight readers ("The ice cream melted like the afternoon,/like ideologies and cotton wealth"), she is never emotionally dismissive. The first half of the book navigates the mighty triumvirate—love, sex and death. She can move among forms, music and points of view—she is just as good at imagining herself as Eve, Joan Crawford or King Lear. Heritage is the cornerstone of the book and is examined inside and out. Storace can begin a poem from a place as external as a lighthouse and end, quite beautifully, with the murmurs of interior heredity: "Can parent-current and tide of child converge,/ and God make us ardent, and merciful,/ for what we are about to conceive."

Elizabeth Socolow's *Laughing at Gravity* (1988) is concerned with heredity as it is written: history. Socolow descends into Isaac Newton's disastrous early life to come up with the cause célèbre of his quest for laws of motion: "As we find luck from catastrophe if we are to live,/from crisis he found law." The results, though psychologically predictable, are ingeniously developed in poetry.

While Auden may have called for poetry to be a cousin to science, I doubt that Socolow's poems are what he had in mind. There is nothing cool or verifiable about Socolow's emotive examination. She speaks to Newton, her muse, beloved and companion, the way Petrarch spoke to Laura: "What's a mere three hundred years to lovers"? Socolow's narratives are long and immersed. Like a juicy biography, their structure alternates facts with observations. One pardons the occasional flat sections of information-giving prose; they are regularly relieved by end-stopped simplicities like "Over and over again we grow ready and are overwhelmed." More than a history, Socolow's book is a companion to history, filled with meticulous examinations of personal events that are elevated to universal experiences of abandonment and recovery.

Arriving at Mary Campbell's *The World, the Flesh, and Angels* (1989) after Socolow's book is a little like being passed through time. Campbell's poems, most nearly a page long, are concerned with our immediate world—nuclear annihilation, illness, extinction. The joy in Campbell's work, which lies among the catalogue of fears, comes from her tendency to over-identify with the world's difficulties in a boundaryless way. Here she is in a panic:

> I'm sweating, it's terrible
> I'm scared, you don't know
> *Erce erce erce*, mother earth
> Help me, turn me into snow

Chosen by Carolyn Forché, Campbell's work resembles Forché's own in that she is sure of the political load she carries as a human being:

> Has it ever occurred to you
> That the people who write
> On walls are organized?

More characteristic is Campbell's deadpan delivery of lines like this: "Jesus must have weighed a ton." As if to acknowledge that the weight of the world is too much, Campbell imagines angel-like projections manifest in everyday situations that recall the poems of Mona Van Duyn, in which housewives are transformed into goddesses in their own kitchens.

Campbell's angels are passports out of this world. Firefly emblems of freedom, they're both horrible and compelling: "I was amazed to discover the angels/Telling dead baby jokes over their cornflakes." They're almost always wicked, so the very act of imagining them is an affront to a system that depends, as Campbell sees it, on our submissiveness. Campbell engages

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in a dialogue with angels that are as much muses as they are subversive cops. In conversation with the angels, Campbell's tone is a mixture of Van Duyn, Sexton and Ruth Stone. The angels, at their best, are punks. " 'Ubi sunt . . . ' I sighed, and wept./They barely noticed."

Barbara Jordan's *Channel* (1990) is also a dialogue with the natural world. This writer's language is obsidian; each leaf is turned to reveal hard beauty. In her introduction, Molly Peacock tells us that Jordan is a poet who seems to have "come out of nowhere," meaning that Jordan spent years outside the world of literary exchange, married and working, in her case, as a secretary. Peacock writes, "Here we have the result of the deeply interior processing that goes on when a poet must compartmentalize her art, write 'on the side,' so to speak." In this, Jordan resembles the majority of women writers throughout history. Her story is evidence of the continuing economic oppression of women, but it is also proof of resilience. The result of Jordan's experience is one firm voice, mature and often amazing. Here she echoes Stevens, another poet who "split his time":

> "Firm stanzas hang," Stevens wrote,
> "like hives in hell";
> mine are not so adamant, for things
> escape,
> and light and dark cross-pollinate.
> The sun comes up
> brilliant upon the waters and swaying azaleas.
> Bees drone
> back and forth, from the crypts to
> the flowers.

Jordan's poems address paint on canvas, questioning the role of art and the artist, and the dynamic between art and observer: "All things be sacred from long gazing." Yet Jordan's exploration of language is her strong suit. Her words are as evocative as the brush strokes on the paintings she faces. This is a book of great intelligence; it is also difficult. One senses its privacy but also its thoughtfulness. When, as readers, we are granted a straightaway into Jordan's vision, we are accompanied by truly grand music: "Summers fray into winters, everything flies/away./Sometimes, I daydream catastrophe."

Dorothy Barresi's *All of the Above* (forthcoming, 1991), on the other hand, the fifth collection in the Barnard Series, resides in the commonplace tradition of poetry. Barresi's poems are placed squarely in the living room of a middle-class family, complete with mother, siblings and television. If Barbara Jordan's poetry would be impossible without Western art, Barresi's would not exist without television. When Barresi talks TV, she's talking the golden age of her own childhood. There's a theme in Barresi's book and she states it plainly: "What we don't know will hurt us,/but not yet." So we stay stuck in time in the living room watching reruns of Ruby shooting Oswald interspersed with Wile E. Coyote falling off a cliff: "There is nothing shocking/left in the world:/here is a Sunday with no cartoons."

When Barresi hits it right, she hits a home run. "Chin Music" is a narrative in which her father, imagined as young and sexy, is playing baseball. He doesn't get to first base; instead, he's hit in the head by a stray discus. Injured from a concussion, the boy listens to the radio. It's April 1945, and the media are never out of sight or mind. The broadcast we overhear announces the death of President Roosevelt and the young man and the world come of age.

> The force should kill him but he wakes
> in the janitor's room,
> a dozen hands throbbing ice water
> in stinging slaps against his cheek.
> He swims toward the hammered surface, sputters—
> already pain is making him famous!

"Vacation, 1969" reads like an emblem of this collection. It's a family portrait, not in the living room but on the road. The interior of the poem is a vacation by car. Siblings fight in the back seat; the speaker, a girl with budding breasts and acne, would rather be anywhere else. The exterior enters through the car windows: Mt. Rushmore, black children who "looted" fire hydrants, the word "napalm" and Mick Jagger. The last line reads, "America, by God, filling the car windows." The question that rings throughout this book is, "Whose America?"

While the individual songs each of the Barnard books sang were clear and strong to me, I felt that as a group, they began to sound the same. All five books contain nostalgia for sheltered youth and dialogue with Western art or science. What the Barnard prize has to tell us about the state of contemporary women's poetry is only about the state of white women's poetry.

How could this have happened to the flagship of women's prizes? I looked at the Barnard selection process. Each year the prize has been awarded, the same two editors have borne the primary responsibility for poring over the mountain of entries before paring the pile down to a mere three. Given such a mass of submissions, one can imagine there must be a problem of sustained keenness on the part of the readers. This must arise not only during each year's reading but also over the years, since there are many repeat applications that are the same or only slightly revised. In any competition with so many entrants, manuscripts blur; but not all prizes are structured so that the same two screeners—even when they solicit the opinions of colleagues— end up passing along so few finalists to the judges.

Yet, all prizes have this in common: Who selects the final judge, and who that judge is, is as important as who screens the manuscripts. In the case of the Barnard prize, the five judges chosen so far have been Louise Bernikow, Marie Ponsot, Carolyn Forché, Molly Peacock and Olga Broumas. These judges are all interesting choices but do not even represent four different corners of women's poetry. They are all white, four of the five are heterosexual and four of the five are close in age. Only Ponsot may be thought of as a formalist; and one, Bernikow, has never published a book of poetry.

One expectation of the most widely distributed and best-funded prize for women is that it include, and therefore entice, work from a diversity of women. But the structure of the Barnard system is stacked against diversity (that may change; Barnard's editors are currently discussing how to reform the process). There even appears to be a consensus among prize givers as to what quality is. Two manuscripts that made it into Barnard's top three, April Bernard's and Martha Hollander's, went on to win the Whitman prize. Another finalist, Jessica Greenbaum, was a Discovery/*The Nation* prizewinner. None of the nonwhite Barnard finalists have gone on to win a publication prize.

One Barnard entrant who didn't make it to the finals was Karen Mitchell. Her collection, *The Eating Hill*, was selected by Audre Lorde and published last year as the first book in the Eighth Mountain Poetry Prize series, the other first-book prize for women. One of ten children, Mitchell is from rural Mississippi. She is a regional, working-class poet who is also black.

Her collection is one of those rare books with which readers can travel. The title poem, "The Eating Hill," seems fab-

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ulous upon first reading, but it is an actual place—a mound where generations of Southern women have gone to ingest the calcium-rich clay earth of Mississippi, not out of starvation but because of a belief in its potency. The other poems are filled with similar fascinating and mysterious rituals, moments of adoration for the land, like excerpts from Jean Toomer's *Cane* raised to the highest power.

> Too dark my dear,
> My grandma dear,
> To eat with you much longer . . .
> She is mine—
> My daughter moving,
> Old sister,
> Old mother,
> Brown-eyed dirt, lovely dirt
> Walking in my arms.

A single stanza from Mitchell's "Fossil" speaks in no uncertain terms to the world of establishment poetry:

> Where are they, the scientists
> urging me to speak?
> They will come back and I will tell
> how many people were dying,
> how many put their lips to the
> ground. . . .
> will tell them what they want to know:
> I will tell them nothing
> about me. □

Foucault's Pendulum

PAUL MATTICK JR.

SEXUALITY: An Illustrated History. *By Sander L. Gilman. Wiley. 376 pp. $49.95.*

Sexuality, as Sander Gilman frames the subject in the latest of his many books, is a matter of both fact and fantasy. The body is real, "composed of muscle and tissue, of flesh and blood." And yet "our sense of our bodies is shaped within our culturally determined perception of ourselves," and so is historically mutable, as human anatomy is not. Sexuality, in Gilman's view, sits at the crux of this contradiction. While it includes "the widest human potential to symbolically eroticize every possible aspect of the body and extend that eroticization to objects in the world," the idea of the sexual in the West has for the last thousand years been fundamentally constructed around the anatomical reality of the genitals. This is not to say that the history of that idea has not been marked by discontinuities, by changes in emphasis and by the appearance of new themes. Gilman's claim, however, is that the period since the Middle Ages has been more strongly characterized by conceptual continuity. For instance, the image of the AIDS sufferer in the popular media and in medical publications during the past five years bears, according to Gilman, features traceable to early modern images of sexually transmitted disease.

Gilman's views are thus in conflict with those of the dominant influence on the currently flourishing field of the history of sexuality, Michel Foucault. According to Foucault, as he puts it in the introductory volume of his *History of Sexuality*, "Sexuality must not be thought of as a kind of natural given" but as "the name that can be given to a historical construct." Sexuality as an experience came into existence together with conceptual structures (modes of knowledge) and social institutions (modes of power) that began to emerge in Western Europe only after the sixteenth century and did not come into full flower until the nineteenth century. In this way of thinking, an important distinction is to be made between sex, a matter of the classification of people into male and female on the basis of reproductive anatomy, and sexuality, an aspect of the psychologically constituted "self." Thus, it is argued, before modern times sexual desire or even preference for members of one's own sex might be natural, a special taste or a sin, but it could not be a disease or an "orientation" until "sexuality" emerged as a category for the classification of persons into kinds, as a representation not of anatomy but of personality.

For Gilman, however, the anatomical reality of sex "serves historically as the focus for all the constructions of ideas, myths, fantasies of sexuality." Understandings of anatomy as much as psychological concepts are cultural constructions built on that physical reality. What ties sex and sexuality together into one categorical field is that the genitalia function as signs, representing both the body and "the parallel existence of powerful psychosexual drives." Sexual ideology has always been about the body *and* about the psychological force field of the self. "One must address the reality of

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the existence of the libido, of an intrinsic, if shapeless and unfocused force, within all human beings that provides the extraordinary power always associated with all of our constructs of sexuality." In other words, the Foucauldians are incorrect in the way they link the possibility of experience to the existence of appropriate concepts, and of the experience of sexuality, in particular, to the existence of modern psychological accounts of the self. It is the experience, indescribable "in itself," that demands conceptualization, through which understanding (and so control) of the experience is achieved by enmeshing it in one or another historically determined sign-system.

Sexuality is thus for Gilman an "elemental force" with which any culture must come to grips by giving it some conceptual shape. It is the "internalization of a biological reality" experienced most sharply in the act of coitus when "the moment of orgasm represents the total abandonment of the highly ordered and controlled world of the superego." In this way the sexual comes to signify the potential for disorder present within the self in the form of the libidinal forces held in check by the ego, itself responsive to sociocultural pressures. Control requires distance; internal disorder is "expelled into the world," projected onto those who can be categorized as Other than the self. Over the last thousand years, Gilman holds, what he calls the "thought-collective" of the West has steadily identified those Others as women and blacks. The bipolar structure of internal experience thus bears responsibility for the power of gender stereotypes and racism, and is even the source of the dichotomization of the sexes into male and female. Furthermore, since the conflict of order and disorder is experienced as a struggle between good and bad within the self, the projection of danger onto others involves categorizing them as evil, dangerous and, in medical terms, diseased.

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Much of the interest of Gilman's book lies in his treatment of medical illustration and so-called high art as species within one genus of imagery with a shared iconography. Thus he shows how illustrations for a Renaissance anatomy text make use of artistic conventions of the time, which themselves reflect a complex mix of religious and humanist philosophical themes. And one of the most interesting chapters explores nineteenth century connections between two famous paintings by Manet, medical theories about black female sexuality and physiognomic studies of prostitutes. The book as a whole, in fact, goes far to justify Gilman's claim that medicine has "always (and in all cultures) had a central role," though "medicine in turn is shaped by the cultural presuppositions of a given culture." It is not, however, clear that his material is sufficient to justify his insistence on "the basic structural permanence of the Western view of the body."

For Western, Gilman suggests, "read: Christian." The most important source of sexual imagery in the modern Western tradition has always been the Bible, including the Old Testament as reconsidered from the viewpoint of the New. Here, indeed, Gilman finds the oldest Other, the Jew, in the conflict between church and synagogue at the start of Pauline Christianity, while the movement of the early church into the world of pagan Rome brought "the distinction between black and white, between slave and freeman, between African and European" into "the discourse about the body" that was already shaped by conflict with earlier classical representations of the sexual. And the biblical tradition, in its Christian interpretation, emphasizes the sexual nature of humankind in contrast to divinity, in particular as embodied in the female. It is Eve's eating of the forbidden apple that brings pain and illness—including pregnancy—together with sexual knowledge into the world, and it is her touching of Adam "through the agency of the apple or the serpent" that first exemplifies the sexual sense par excellence, "the touch that causes the spread of contagion, the contagion of sexuality as embodied in the image of sexual disease and its transmission."

These images, Gilman argues, "encapsulate the Western understanding of the nature and complexity of sexuality within a strictly polar dichotomy of the sexes." They form a system: Jew, black and female are all Other to the European male, who is the creator and center of Western sexual ideology, and all figure as representations of the genitalia and so of the libidinal force that such representations strive to limit and control. Their Otherness makes them dangerous; thus the pleasurable touch is also the carrier of disease, and the act of generation bears the flavor of death. This system is uncovered again and again by Gilman as the book moves from the Middle Ages to the present through studies of early modern art and science; the Enlightenment interest in "monsters" (abnormal births); nineteenth-century conceptions of prostitution, childhood sexuality and masturbation; and the contemporary depiction of AIDS.

The continual encounter with the same motifs in every period, barely inflected by the transformations in science, medicine and culture that separate our time from the first millennium, makes one wonder to what extent Gilman's view of the past has been shaped by his obsessions at the expense of the historical material. This suspicion is sharpened by the fact that Gilman, despite his insistence on the historical and cultural character of sexual ideology, at no point pauses to reflect on the historicity of his own point of view. The idea of an elemental, uncontrollable "libidinal" force within the self is, after all, a peculiarly modern one, and the conception of such forces as "drives" is far from accepted without demur today even among psychoanalytic theorists. In the Bible it is not an inner drive but the ser-

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pent that leads to the introduction of sin into the world; while the idea of woman's sexual insatiability appears in many guises during the past 500 years, its typical early modern incarnation includes not a psychological but a physiological explanation in terms of the power of the female reproductive system over the female mind (excited to lust by the motion of the uterus, in some accounts, or by the excessive production of "female sperm").

Similarly, while there is clearly an element of continuity involved in the replacement of an earlier idea of sinfulness by the modern one of mental illness, to treat this change as merely "the translation of theological concepts of the corrupt body into medical categories" is to ignore the vast transformation of context within which this translation took place: the significance of the claim of medical science, an exercise of human reason, to take over the regulation of sexual affairs from religious institutions; the reorientation of human interests toward life and worldly pleasures; and the centrality of the category of "normality," a state of health in contrast to Christianity's fundamental condition of sin. It is striking that Gilman's emphasis on medicine does not lead him to serious consideration of the impact on the idea of sexuality of the development of psychiatry in the course of the nineteenth century. His discussion of Freud focuses on the role of the genitalia in psychoanalytic theory, and he argues that the central place of the idea of castration in Freud's theory of woman represents a displacement of Freud's anxiety about his own Jewishness, a reflex of the medieval Christian fantasy of circumcision as both castration and the assimilation of the Jew to the sexual, dangerous female. What does not get discussed is the reframing of sexuality as a mental phenomenon independent of anatomy. The homosexual, the masochist, the fetishist and the habitual masturbator are not defined, when they emerge as medically recognizable types in the later nineteenth century, by reference to genitalia but in terms of aberrant character structure.

Gilman's wish to assimilate this historical innovation to what he sees as Christianity's genital fixation leads him to dubious, dogmatic pronouncements, as in his identification of a demented masturbator described by William James as "a surrogate phallus." His difficulty in squaring his vision of ideological continuity with the realities of historical devel-

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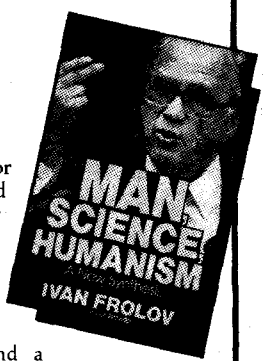

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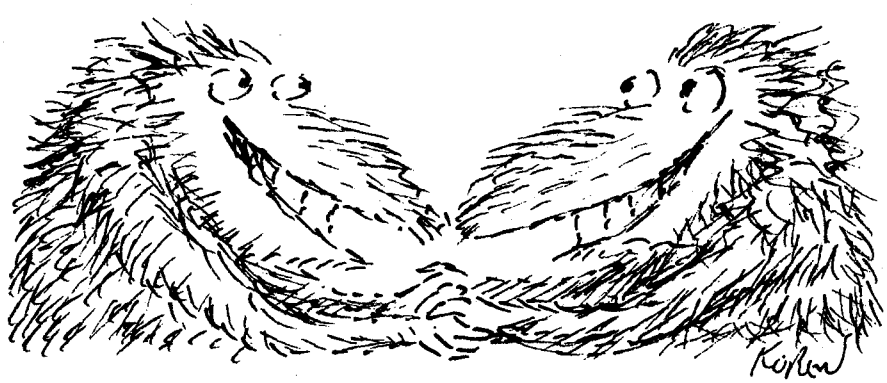

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opment is visible also in such chronological leaps as the inclusion of material from the 1830s and 1840s in a chapter on the Enlightenment. Perhaps more serious is his failure to note the departure from earlier representations of sexual disorder registered by this material, pictures of the faces of masturbators and of a sufferer from "amatory mania." The evidence of sexual aberration is, as Gilman observes, "written on the face not as pustules and lesions [the signs of syphilis] but as the physiognomy of madness." Gilman's insistence that in such imagery the face simply signifies the genitals ignores the longstanding meaning of the face as image of the soul. Syphilis (which can lead to madness) is an illness of the body; masturbation (long believed to cause physical degeneration) was a disease of the mind. The de-anatomization of sexuality, its redefinition as a field of experience distinct from the physiology of reproduction, has had liberatory consequences alongside the invention of new modes of social regulation. While it has no place in Gilman's discussion of the Enlightenment, the struggle against Christianity by writers like Diderot involved a justification of bodily pleasure for its own sake, just as the psychiatric construction of "homosexuality" and Freud's vision of infantile bisexuality paved the way for the conceptualization of "sexual preference" as a realm of morally neutral choice. Missing from Gilman's account are the many modern claims for sex as an area for free play and untrammeled pleasure. That the twentieth century is represented by AIDS, unaccompanied by the Playboy philosophy, the free sex enthusiasms of the 1920s and 1960s or gay liberation, seems to testify more to the author's preoccupation with sexual disease than to the richness and conflictive character of history, which Gilman undervalues from the start by his failure to deal with the crucial distinction between ideology and actual practice. And while he recognizes that "the myth of a homogeneous male response to the creation of categories of sexual difference is as fallacious as the fantasies of the complete powerlessness of the female in the face of the creation of such categories," female voices are nearly absent from his book, which does not even attempt to explain how women might use the male-constructed conception of woman as Other to master a supposedly universal experience of sexual drives. Gilman's work, especially the large and fascinating archive of visual material he has assembled, will be of great use to anyone interested in the history of sexuality, but it leaves much space open for future attempts to comprehend that curious story. □

The Dealer of the Century

SUSAN GRACE GALASSI

AN ARTFUL LIFE: A Biography of D.H. Kahnweiler, 1884–1979. *By Pierre Assouline. Translated by Charles Ruas. Grove Weidenfeld. 411 pp. $24.95.*

Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler's career as an art dealer spanned some seven decades, yet he remains most closely identified with the artists he discovered in his first years of business at the beginning of the century, most of them all but unknown at the time: Braque, Gris, Léger, Vlaminck, Derain and above all Picasso. The young German presided over the birth and flowering of Cubism in an atmosphere he later described as "euphoria, youth and enthusiasm." He had also published the first literary work of Guillaume Apollinaire and a novel by Max Jacob, illustrated by their painter friends.

After World War I, Kahnweiler directed two subsequent galleries, maintaining some of the original group and adding new artists, including the sculptor Henri Laurens, the Surrealist André Masson and Miró and Klee, as well as lesser-known younger painters. He continued to bring out new writing by such authors as Malraux, Artaud and Leiris. He was also Picasso's exclusive dealer in the artist's prolific last three decades. But Kahnweiler's major contribution to twentieth-century culture lies in his receptiveness to and support of the radical experiments of a handful of young innovators who effectively accomplished the most radical redirection of the course of Western art since the Renaissance.

The son of a well-to-do Jewish businessman and financier in Mannheim, Germany, Daniel-Henry was expected to enter the family firm, but the rebellious young man distanced himself from his family's interests and values. It was in Paris after 1902, where he heard the latest work of Richard Strauss and visited exhibitions of contemporary art and the socialist meetings of Jean Jaurès, that Kahnweiler discovered his milieu. During three-hour lunch breaks from the stockbroker's office where he was working he developed his critical eye by studying the old masters at the Louvre, the Impressionists at the Luxembourg Museum and contemporary art at the Salons. In 1907 he opened a gallery on the rue Vignon with money borrowed from his family. He was only 23.

Since the 1870s there had been a growing demand on the part of an expanding group of investors crowding into the art market. These newly rich industrialists and businessmen were eager for the more affordable and accessible works of living artists—works that were likely to rise in value. Dealers had begun to market contemporary art more aggressively, giving artists exclusive contracts and one-man exhibitions and retrospectives, complete with illustrated catalogues containing scholarly essays. By the early twentieth century, investing and speculating in contemporary art was an established and growing practice, and there were not enough art dealers in Paris, the center of the art market, to keep up with the increasing demand. At the same time, a period of unprecedented experimentation that would revolutionize the visual arts was under way. Despite his lack of experience or connections, Kahnweiler had a solid background in international finance and a sense of mission.

The fact that he chose the Fauvist painters Derain and Vlaminck from hundreds of works exhibited at the annual Salon des Indépendants to be the first artists represented by his gallery proved Kahnweiler's ability. But his most courageous and important decision was to take on Picasso at a moment when other dealers and his small circle of collectors were abandoning him; even fellow artists thought the 26-year-old Spaniard had gone mad. Kahnweiler had not been all that impressed with the paintings of Picasso's "blue" and "rose" periods, which he had seen at the Ambroise Vollard Gallery and elsewhere in Paris. But when he climbed the stairs to the artist's dilapidated studio in the now-legendary Bateau-Lavoir (so named because it resembled a laundry boat) and saw the strange "Assyrian" painting a German friend had told him about, he instantly recognized

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in the *Demoiselles d'Avignon* the cataclysm he had been waiting for. The painting, which Picasso considered unfinished, was not for sale, but Kahnweiler had forged his link with the painter, giving him his unqualified support at the decisive moment when he was beginning to dismantle the language of illusionistic representation.

Kahnweiler offered his painters only one option, exclusive representation, a practice previously employed by Durand-Ruel, the earlier champion of the Impressionists, after whom Kahnweiler modeled himself to some extent. He bought all of his artists' productions at fixed prices according to the size of the canvas, revising these upward as the works began to sell. Buying cheaply and selling cheaply was his policy. He also gave his artists a small monthly stipend and took care of mundane matters for them so they could devote themselves fully to their work. Kahnweiler was certain that history would prove him right, despite the public ridicule of his painters' work. Léger and Gris (the artist to whom he was closest) joined the original group of Derain, Vlaminck, Van Dongen, Picasso and Braque in 1910, and by 1913 they were all under written contract, Picasso adding to his with characteristic wariness, "You will leave it to me to judge when a painting is finished."

By the hard-sell standards of today's publicity-ridden art world, with its frenetic cultivation of Hollywood-style celebrity status for artists, Kahnweiler's quiet mode of conducting business was extremely eccentric. He never advertised, nor courted the critics, most of whom he considered incompetent or deliberately distorting of his artists' aims. It was part of his possessive nature that he felt that only he was qualified to discuss his artists' works. So rigid was he on this matter that he threatened to bar Apollinaire from the gallery after the publication in 1913 of his book *The Cubist Painters, an Aesthetic Meditation* (it was one of the first books on Cubism). After a few years, Kahnweiler did not even hold exhibitions. He simply put the paintings up as they came in and sold what he could. Finding little enthusiasm among the French for Cubism, he quickly established ties with galleries abroad, selling through Alfred Flechtheim in Düsseldorf and the Washington Square Gallery in New York. Kahnweiler promoted an awareness of his artists' work outside France through photographs, which he sent to leading art journals in Europe and the United States (he was one of the first dealers to systematically photograph every work that came through his gallery). He was soon selling to his steady clients abroad by means of photographs, sometimes when the painting was still wet in the studio. Cubism, as Kahnweiler later acknowledged, was largely an export business.

Kahnweiler never got around to writing the memoir he had intended, but a colorful account of his "open-hearted collaboration" with his artists and his relations with critics, collectors and other dealers over many decades emerged in a book-length 1961 interview with Francis Crémieux entitled *My Galleries and Painters* (Viking, 1971). The book describes the enormous obstacles Kahnweiler had to overcome—periods of exile during both world wars, the ruthless auctioning off of his entire gallery stock (700-800 Cubist paintings) as enemy property after World War I, the hostility of other dealers and the occasional betrayals of his artists. Yet Kahnweiler himself remains an elusive and guarded figure.

Pierre Assouline's biography is no more successful in bringing to light the inner life of this remarkable cultural impresario. In a style that is more assertive than exploratory, Assouline catalogues Kahnweiler's character traits, which he claims remained more or less fixed from adolescence on: He was highly organized, imperious, willful, dogmatic, humorless, etc. Significant figures in his life, such as his French wife, whom he adored, are barely sketched in, and little new light is shed on his sixty-six-year relationship with Picasso, his most important professional tie. Obvious parallels between artist and dealer—their early rejection of weak fathers and identification with their mothers, their shared interest in Nietzsche's anti-authoritarianism and his notion of the artist/hero, the depths of their erudition despite a lack of formal education beyond their teens, their common decision to live in exile—are virtually unexplored. Nor are we fully enlightened as to the roots of Kahnweiler's grandiose ambition to shape the culture of his time. There is no insight into the competitive feelings he may have had toward the artists whose careers he molded, but whose lives overshadowed his own. Loyal, honest, reliable to an extreme, formulator of the first important theory of Cubism (which anticipates later semiotic interpretations) and author of several scholarly texts on aesthetic problems concerning his own artists and artists of the past, Kahnweiler had to take a back seat to the painters and writers in whose lives he shared. Furthermore, given the catastrophic world events he lived through as a German Jew twice forced to flee his adopted home, and given the capricious nature of the art world, can we really believe, as Assouline asserts, that Kahnweiler never doubted or experienced any great inner turmoil?

Assouline, nevertheless, contributes significantly to the ongoing study of the cultural history of Cubism. By drawing on the unedited archives of the Galerie Louise Leiris (the dealer's sister-in-law and partner since World War II), including Kahnweiler's voluminous correspond-

WHAT YOUR BODY HOLDS AGAINST YOU

could be love in the right proportions. Don't confuse
form and content where a good sense of humor becomes

the kind of curves that makes a room loosen
around her. Look for a woman that listens to music

drifting over a lake, hovering like flies, or someone who will watch
the landscape emptied of azaleas under a setting sun

with you. By forty there is a sideshow of vanities:
the dragon breath you wake to, bones tossed

against your skin like waves, or the flesh that grows
where a waitress tucks her loose change. We measure

time with our lives, counting out the coins
year by year. We all become detectives of broken

hearts in off-season hotels where love and its accoutrements
wait by the roulette wheel for one chance at the big time.

Laurie Blauner

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ence with his artists and clients, as well as on contracts and business records, Assouline traces the passage of experimental art in the first decades of the century from the studios of Montmartre and Montparnasse to worldwide recognition. He discusses Kahnweiler's direct involvement in every aspect of this process, from discovering several of the artists to fostering good working conditions, to marketing, disseminating, interpreting and defending their work. Assouline also touches upon the social, political and economic forces that shaped this movement.

Kahnweiler admitted in later years that he could truly understand only the art of his own generation and perhaps that of the next, and he was blind to the merits of several of the other important contemporary schools of his time—Futurism, most of Surrealism and especially abstract art. Still, his wholehearted advocacy of Cubism was reason enough for his having earned the reputation of dealer of the century. Those looking for another Kahnweiler in today's pluralistic, multinational art market should keep in mind that it takes a compelling art movement to make a great dealer. □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 474*)

black. "Hymietown" J.J. would drive the Jews to the Republicans even if he wasn't associated with Arafat and Farrakhan. And for good measure, J.J. gets up at the national convention every four years and scares the hell out of the white middle class.

We trogs have one worry—that at some point J.J. might become Mayor of the District of Columbia. If he were off the national scene, that would allow a Carter-type Democrat to organize a majority coalition. But as Marion Barry has noted, "Jesse don't want to run D.C., Jesse just wants to run his mouth." So we trogs will sleep well tonight knowing J.J. is on the job. Pleasant dreams.

Jerry Wild

MOUTH-WATERING GOOD

Beacon, N.Y.

Reading the editorial "Canadian Sunrise" by Gideon Forman in the October 8 issue makes a fella's mouth water and brings up some questions. Why is such an election and political agenda possible in Ontario and not in the United States? Are not Canadians exposed to the same cash-and-carry TV pressures as Americans? Are the Canadian poor and lower middle classes really that much more intelligent than Americans? Should we ask some New Democratic Party leaders to come down and teach us how to do it? *Leo Wolff*

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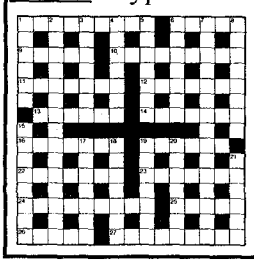

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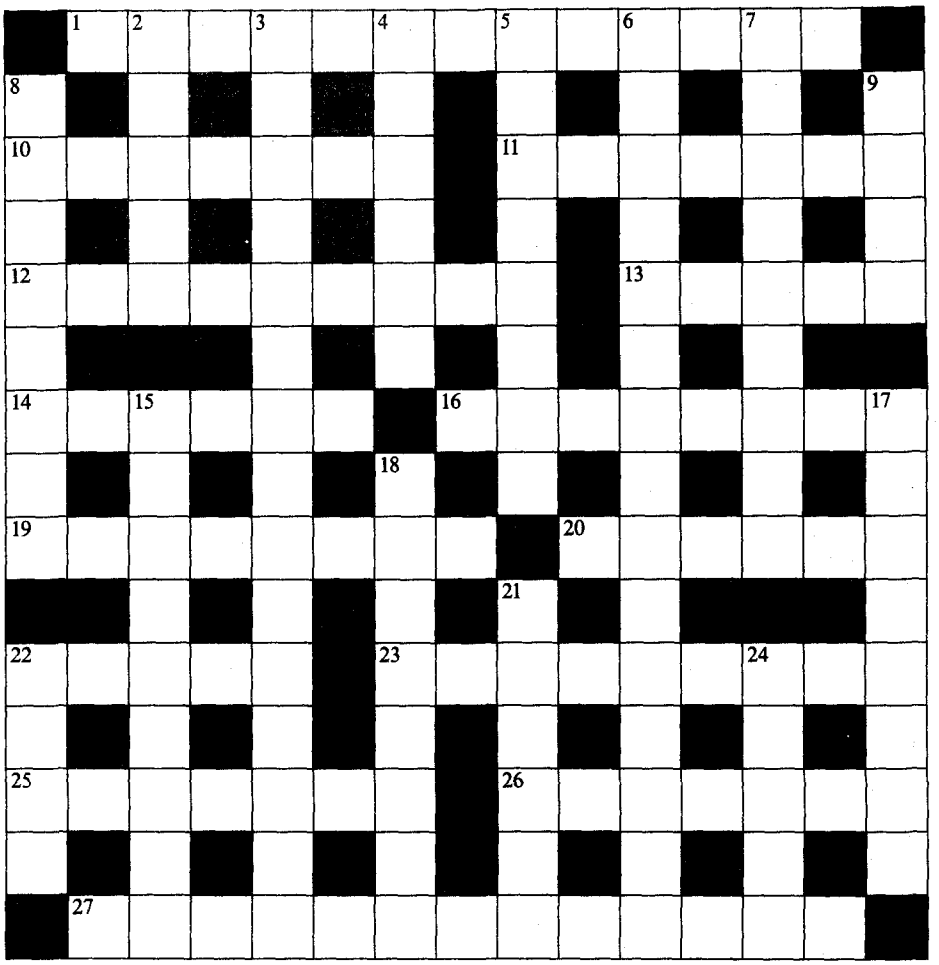
	D		B		A		I		I				T	
B	A	T	A	A	N		D	E	C	I	S	I	O	N
			S				O				T			
C	H	E	E	R	F	U	L		P	L	A	S	M	A
	A				L		S		L		T		U	
E	C	U	A	D	O	R		J	A	G	U	A	R	S
	K		L		T		O		T		E		D	
P	L	A	I	N	S		R	O	E	N	T	G	E	N
	E		E		A		A		A		T		R	
		A	N	I	M	A	L	C	U	L	E	S		

Crossword Puzzle No. 2309

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 High living in 20, 22 down and 9? (2,2,3,6)
10 Although it's not quite clear, about a half dozen get something old to play with. (7)
11 A good place to find one in camera, perhaps . . . (7)
12 . . . or one from a different country provides saki—a pint of it. (9)
13 One does when not dining out and makes an etching endless instead. (3,2)
14 An easy rider might be, but a gal at first should be going faster! (6)
16 Non-Samaritans might do so, needing assistance. (8)
19 The mystic's boss should be like Legree! (8)
20,22 down and 9 down Makes a defensive move in Madrid, perhaps—plans a strong point to evil's discomfort! (7,2,5)
22 It's old country—you might know this "is icumin in!" (5)
23 England and a few other places, with a drop of water on a Scotsman making one evidently restless in the U.S.S.R. (9)
25 A small figure earns (after expenses) the leading area of 23 one point. (7)
26 Books that show the first coats? (7)
27 A reputedly fatal holding, suggesting successful fliers and boatrace crews. (4,3,6)

DOWN

2 Have quite a row after a little quiet—but it's only in fun! (5)
3 Fun sand orbits so to make a very positive statement! (2,3,4,2,4)
4 His name might be associated with one who did her wrong. (6)
5 Wine served around in what might be accompanied by a 10. (8)
6 With too much stress, one might be having some prize distributed. (15)
7 Part of the crowd ain't, i.e., strictly the most fastidious! (9)
8 In short, the power supply confused Paul, with a short, firm answer being "south of the border." (8)
9 See 20 across
15 If one is completely tired, the things that go round are probably this, but the input came out of it. (9)
17 The most behind might be the most strict. (8)
18 You might find a clue near this, being blue. (8)
21 A failing mark on a paper badly presented—a cool way to get beaten by the French! (6)
22 See 20 across
24 But it's not very clever in an unruly pet! (5)

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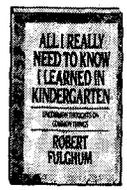

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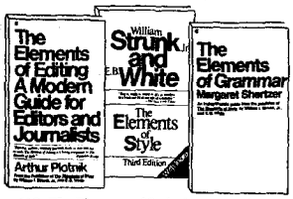

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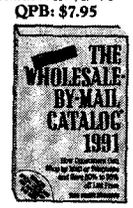

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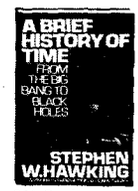

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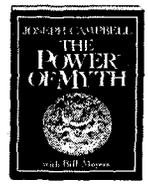

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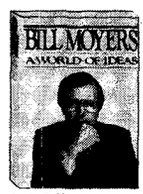

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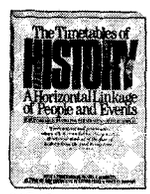

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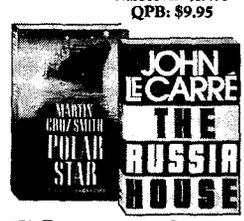

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